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ORGAN OF THE PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS, THE YOUNG MEN'S MUTUAL
IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATIONS AND THE SCHOOLS OF THE CHURCH OF
JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

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EASTER.

Full on the morn doth rise the Easter-hymn;
Glad words of praise this time auspicious hail;
Of that event beyond the years grown dim,
Sweet living voices sing the wondrous tale.

The world's great miracle anew they tell,
In joyous accents, pure and silver clear;
The tidings marvelous exultant swell,
With words of promise fill the listening ear.

Hark! how the thoughts inspiring buoyant rise,
As unto tribes and peoples countless sung;
The message known to all beneath the skies,
In ancient speech or fresh-created tongue.

That story brought us from the days of old,
From happy lips now falls in measured sound;
That wonder unto listening nations told,
From land to land wherever man is found.

Forget this day all bitterness and sin,
Let pain and discord in sweet sounds expire;
The words of Gentleness make all akin,
And man and nature are one mighty choir!

ALFRED LAMBOURNE.



EASTER

From a painting by Henry O'Neil

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The Sin of Blasphemy

BY J. W. BOOTH

Far back in the days of Isaiah, when that gifted seer was viewing through his prophetic telescope the distant scenes which now are near to us, he uttered with a joyous heart these strains of glorious melody: "Awake, awake. Put on thy strength, O Zion; put on thy beautiful garments, O Jerusalem, the Holy City;" and, then, turning from that scene of joy, he quotes the words which God himself proclaimed in sad, rebuking tones: "My name continually every day is blasphemed."

Young men of Zion, was it our Zion to whom these awakening words were sung? Was it modern Jerusalem, (starving, famine-ravished city that she is) now about to put on her beautiful garments? Was it us, of America, dear reader, upon whom that prophetic lens was focused with such convincing accuracy as to reveal, so far away, this awful sin of "continual blasphemy?" I fear it is true. Whether or not we are the objects of Isaiah's words, we—a number of us at least—are guilty of that awful sin. Take note of some evidence against us:

For some time past the writer has been investigating this most impious habit of using the sacred name of Deity in our common talk.

I asked one man if he had any idea of how many times he had profaned during a certain period. His own estimate was over five hundred times a day. To another habitual swearer, I put the question:

"Now, Mr.———, you have been in nearly every state of the Union, working for many years among men of various classes, and I want to get your candid opinion on a question on which you can give me some 'expert testimony,' as you are an expert

in this line. Now, please tell me what per cent of the men of this nation, in your opinion, are guilty of blasphemy?"

The gentleman unhesitatingly replied: "More than one-half of them."

Another, even more vile with his lips, said: "Yes, more than two-thirds of them."

I once spent about thirty minutes in one of the barracks of the United States army, and among the soldiers, in their usual talk, profanity was indulged in at the rate of about three times a minute for each of fifty men.

During a year's time, I kept tab on my associates, and men with whom I worked, and I found that 63 per cent of them were men who took the name of God in vain. I later learned that some of these would profane when among profaners, but did not do so in my hearing. Now, what does all this mean? In the United States there are about one hundred millions of people. Of these, fifty millions, we will say, are females, to whom we shall not impute this heinous crime; of the remaining fifty millions there are half of them children too young to swear. Of the remaining twenty-five million men and boys, we will take a safer figure than two-thirds, or 63 percent of them, and say that only 40 percent, or ten millions, are guilty of blasphemy. I shudder to tell it, but that is about the percentage in my own home town, dear old Alpine, within the precincts of which, but a few decades ago, the name of God was seldom heard, except in reverence. But now, about one-tenth of the population ignorantly dares to utter his holy name to emphasize their otherwise weak and senseless expressions of some of their common talk.

Let us be more lenient than the one who swore five hundred times a day and give their average in more mitigating terms. I have often heard men take wicked oaths at the rate of eight to ten times a minute but these were, of course, extreme cases.

Following is one man's conclusion, on fairly good authority, on daily average swearing:

Of ten million profaners in the United States it is estimated that, on an average,

1,000,000 swear 50 times every day, amounting to	50,000,000 times
2,000,000 swear 25 times every day, amounting to	50,000,000 times
3,000,000 swear 10 times every day, amounting to	30,000,000 times
2,000,000 swear 5 times every day, amounting to	10,000,000 times
1,000,000 swear 3 times every day, amounting to	3,000,000 times
1,000,000 swear 2 times every day, amounting to	2,000,000 times

Total145,000,000

That sacred Name! Blasphemed one hundred and forty-five million times a day by this army of Christian (?) soldiers! It means that every hour, more than six million times, the fourth

commandment of the decalogue is broken; that more than one hundred thousand times every minute Deity is defied; that more than sixteen hundred times every second the most holy names of the Father and the Son are taken in vain by vile and impious tongues in this choice land, where liberty abounds from sea to sea. Astonishing, is it not? Doubt it if you will, but investigate, as I have done, from numerous points, and you will probably be convinced of this sad fact.

Sixteen hundred times a second! What means this awful cyclone of sin, carrying in its whirling circles the slang and filthy phrases of so many millions, and hurling itself with hellish fury into the face of heaven's King? Whence comes this woeful wind of wickedness; this blizzard of blasphemy that makes the blood run cold? Think you this storm originates within the higher atmosphere of love and affection? In the boundless regions of reason? Upon the great, wide waves of wisdom? Among the inland hills of intelligence? On the mountains of manhood? Or out on the dry deserts of sober sincerity? Nay, but from the heated pampas of passion arise the heavily laden vapors of vice; and these, mingled with the intruding currents of ignorance, impregnated only with cold irreverence, stir up the storm—at first in levity, but finally ending in this soul-destroying whirlwind of wickedness.

Ask the man in whose heart dwell love and charity, if he ever feels like cursing his fellow man in God's holy name. Ask him whose mental powers are swayed by reason if he could ever give an answer, in reason, why such things are done. Ask the wise man if he knows why. Appeal to one of superior intelligence for a justifiable excuse to drag the sacred name of our Creator into the mire of maledictions. Ask your very choicest specimen of manhood if he thinks that manhood would mix and mingle the glorious appellation of Christ the Redeemer with a cursing mockery of all things sacred to the human heart. Ask Sincerity herself, if she ever felt proud of a polluted profaner, or ever boasted of a bumptious blasphemer. No! No! a thousand times no! These nobler qualities have no part nor portion in that infernal practice so prevalent among the people of this country.

more strongly emphasize my thoughts in story form:

At the opening of one of the great historic wars, between two powerful nations of the earth, the call, at first, went out from one of them for volunteers to come and fight, for the honor of the nation had been assailed. A second call was followed by conscription wherein, within one family, the last of seven sons, Iago, was listed for the morrow's march. Father and mother, with broken hearts, finding solace only in their love of country, were willing that their last and seventh son should don his regimentals in the morning. The trio spent that night as only war-infested

families know. In another house, nearby, two parents and their only son sat pondering on the sadness in their neighbor's home across the way. The father of this only son of love and promise spoke, and said:

"My son, our neighbors over there have now sent all but one to war, and if he, too, falls in battle, it will bring that poor old couple to their graves with unrelenting haste. I wonder if—"

But ere the thought was half expressed, the brave young heart responded with the willing words:

"I'll go myself and save them such a fate."

"Magnanimity personified!" exclaimed the father, whose heart had never felt the taint of selfishness, while the mother's pride loomed up in thankfulness to God for such a son—and yet, forebodings of what might occur hung pensive shadows in the hall, while hasty preparations went ahead. The night passed on and ere the aurora of morning had pushed aside the curtains of the early hour, this noble son was at Iago's side with news of his unpurchased ransom, and the wailing of that unhappy home was turned to thankfulness and joy, that this one son was spared to comfort them.

At 6 a. m., in uniform, this fearless volunteer was waiting for the bugle's call. A father's fond embrace and blessing; a mother's loving clasp and a kiss; a boy, choking,—“good-bye”—and he was gone.

For three long years and more the battles raged. Salvador, with his great heart had won distinction as a private; and, up through official ranks, had been commissioned Captain of the Mighty Host. Meantime, Iago, at home, had grown forgetful of his neighbor's love, and into his cold heart there came no impulse of gratitude for such a sacrifice made for him and his. Tidings of the glorious achievements of Salvador were only sneered at and rejected by this degenerate son.

At last the Captain saw the hour of victory had come; but victory at such a price! Two plans were laid and were discussed thus:

First, to call twelve legions more, and with these multitudinous troops fight man to man and death to death until the foe surrendered.

Second, to take his trusted staff alone and with these few, scale the heights, descend the rugged path, and lure the enemy from his intrenchments—knowing well that death would be their own and final doom, but that while these few encountered death, the army would be blessed with glorious victory. And so it was! That brave and noble leader fell—a volunteer in death, as in his life, to save his comrades from the fate of war.

On mournful wings the news was sent throughout the land of the sad but glorious death of Salvador. His corpse would

soon be borne in honor to his native town. That hour came. Ten thousand, weeping, went to welcome home the greatest hero of the war. In the suburbs of the city, where the mourners met the incoming cortege, there was an outburst of lamentations. As the solemn procession passed along the crape-hung boulevard, the populace, too, bowed heads and paid the tribute of their tears. All seemed to understand that the occasion was so unspeakably touching that every feature of the program which bore the slightest hint of coarseness must be avoided. Military music, it was feared, would lack in tenderness (though the hero was a soldier true), and in its place, a harp, with tones as delicate as the voice of angels and tuned in perfect harmony with the tensioned sweetness of his mother's soul, was given into "David's" skilful hands. Just as the casket was being carried across the threshold of the old home, the dextrous harpist touched the strings which uttered, in almost human voice, a tune akin to our sweet melody, "The Soldier's Farewell."

Solemnity was more intense than tongue or pen can describe. As the last tones blended into celestial silence there was such a peace-distilling, love-encircling, divinely beautiful influence pervading that holy precinct that no one wished to break the stillness, even with a muffled moan.

But hark! Sin's evil darts now pierce the heart of Innocence! Across the way, on the balcony of his home, sat the wretched Iago, with more such sons of Belial. Sneering in ribald jest, they mocked the sacred scenes before them; made sport of Salvador's great sacrifice for Iago; threw taunting insults at the throng for being tender hearted; shouted in fiendish falsetto the moanings of the mother, now overwhelmed by grief. They cursed the father of the dead man; denied honor to the son, and at last, in drunken revelry, they sought, with the tinkling of their cursed wine cups, to mimic the tones of the hallowed requiem of the harp. In the midst of this infamous uproar, a letter was handed to the father by an officer, to whom it was given by Salvador the hour he left his army for the fatal move to draw the opposing forces from their fort. It read:

"SALVADOR TO HIS HONORED SIRE, GREETINGS: Your epistle from home brings joy. May it ever be well with you and mother. Duty calls me this day to meet the crisis. Better for one to die than for my whole army to perish. Peace be with you. Farewell."

This short postscript was added:

"I heard of Iago's indiscretion. Forgive his folly for my sake. Again, farewell."

The rabble on the balcony listened long enough for these words to be read by the funeral orator, when again with cursing

derision their tumult was resumed. But the hero's body was at last entombed with honor, and they who mocked his memory were brought to answer in the courts of justice.

What think you was their punishment? Was mercy found for them? Was the court influenced by those last words of Salvador, pleading for his recreant neighbor? Speak out, and say what sentence you would pass in such a case. Mr. Blasphemer, come to judgment. Render your decision in case the hero were your own dear brother. What? Full justice? Be careful, friend—be merciful, for—thou art the man! Thou art Iago: Salvador is the Christ. Listen to what the poets have said and how they tell in verse the story of The Suffering One:

“He left his Father's home on high
With man to live, for man to die.”

“Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of Glory died for man.”

“How great, how glorious, and complete,
Redemption's grand design;
Where justice, love and mercy meet
In harmony divine.”

“See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow, mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?”

“Come Saints, and drop a tear or two
For Him who groaned beneath your load;
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of precious blood.”

And now, Friend Scoffer, come! Stand up and face these facts like a man and tell me if your pusillanimous excuses—“just a habit,” “oh, I was ‘hot’,” “it relieves me”—are really justifiable? For these are the only excuses, silly as they are, that I ever heard offered by even the most intelligent of your class.

Had you been one of that motley crowd on Calvary, when the Son of God hung in agony on the cross, would you, with your present feeling, have been a mourner with the mother, or a mocker with the mob? Choose the latter and you confess that you, too, would have taken part in that most diabolical crime of the ages. If you say that in the presence of such an awful tragedy you would have defended that Sinless Sufferer, then you must confess again that, in hiding behind the curtains of two millenniums to change your sympathy into this (now) wicked scoffing, you make yourself the incarnation of crouching cowardice, for you dare not face him with your polluted oaths, nor mock him as he hung upon the cross in that uneven struggle with death, pleading to the very last for you before the courts of an offended God.

Think you that you are secure from justice—perched there upon the high balcony of your own free agency, and flinging your slimy sentences with dastardly defiance into the face of your dying Redeemer? Will the Lord ever hold such impious mockery guiltless before his holy throne?

Oh why can we not cease this senseless sin and, in the place of cursing all mankind and all that God has given into our care, cultivate the nobler traits of gratitude and praise for the great gift of eternal life through the precious blood of Him who never sinned?

In the visions of St. John, he saw, in the days of the mighty Armageddon, that the earth, because of wickedness, would be overwhelmed with plagues, and that men would even blaspheme God while dying.

Another class of men, recipient of his kindly care, will join that glorious anthem, singing:

"Thy mercy, O God, is great above the heavens,
And Thy truth unto the clouds."

The choice is *ours* to be in one or the other of these throngs, and the hour of our choice should be not long delayed.

CASTLE ROCK, UTAH



M. I. A. CLASS IN LEADERSHIP, ST. JOHNS, ARIZONA

Prayer and Worship

BY LOUIS L. ALLEN

It is our duty and privilege to know the true and living God, and that he is a "rewarder of them that diligently seek him."

"If men do not comprehend the character of God they do not comprehend themselves," said the Prophet Joseph Smith.

"It is the first principle of the gospel to know for a certainty the character of God and to know that we can converse with him as one man converses with another."

Before we can really, truly and sincerely worship, we must have some conception or idea of the object to whom we present our prayers. We may not be able to comprehend God in his might and power, in his glory and intelligence; but we may know him as he would that we should know him—as King, Ruler and Creator.

The Savior has given us the key whereby we may know more of God's will and purposes: "Our Father, which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name, thy kingdom come, thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven." He has given unto all his sons and daughters the right to call him Father, and his greatest desire is that we should know him, love him, and keep his commandments, thereby reaping the blessings in store for the righteous, thus making his kingdom on earth as it is in heaven.

Prayer is the great way to bringing mankind in harmony with God's will. If all would engage more frequently in prayer, humanity would be raised to a higher level. We must remember that prayer consists not in words only. The most acceptable prayers are not those that are couched in choicest language, nor those that meet the requirements of rhetoric. But the prayer that counts is uttered with the seal of the heart's desire.

When we have prayed, we must remember to wait also. The more patient and insistent we are in prayer, so much more will God grant unto us when he sees fit to bestow the blessing. We must know and remember that God always hears and grants our petitions, though he often postpones the answer until his infinite wisdom determines the fittest time. In short, the burden of the word of God is: He who prays earnestly for blessings or instruc-

tions may confidently say, such and such blessings are actually laid up for me.

"Thus saith the wisdom of the Lord:
Bless'd is the man who hears my word:
Keeps daily watch before my gates,
And at my feet for mercy waits."

"The soul that seeks me shall obtain
Immortal wealth and heavenly gain;
Immortal life is his reward,
Life and the favor of the Lord."

BONIDA, IDAHO

The Ship of Zion

BY ALFRED OSMOND

A boy was commanded to build a ship
And sail o'er a stormy sea;
But his life was young and his hand unskilled,
And he thought, "This can never be.
I cannot perform such a mighty task;
It cannot be just nor true.
My Master is kind and could never ask
That which I can never do."

The voice of the Master is heard again,
And its tones are still mild and sweet:
"I command thee, my son, that ye build a ship
That is rugged and strong and fleet;
That ye make your home on the boundless sea,
Where the winds and the billows rave,
That ye give your life to the storm and strife—
Go forth, and be strong and brave."

The boy has completed the stately ship.
(For years have been rushing by.)
She is proudly launched on the boundless sea—
List, list the commander's cry;
"On, on to the harbor of distant lands!
Sail on o'er the boundless sea!
We are seamen all who obey the call
Of the God of our destiny."

Soon the storm came down with titanic rage
And burst o'er the calm, blue sea,
Till her placid breast heav'd with wild unrest
To yield to her king's decree;
While the lightning's glare through the startled air
Rushed on with its trains of fire,
And the thunder's roll seemed to shake the soul
Of the world with its horrors dire.
Then death, on the wings of the midnight blast,
Came down to the vessel's crew—

From that little band who on sea and land
 Had been sturdy and bold and true,
 He selected the bravest and best of all,
 The captain who, dying, cried,
 "Sail on through this carnage of blood and death!
 Sail on o'er this storm-swept sea!
 Ye are seamen all who obey God's call—
 Sail on to your destiny."

With her splintered masts and her shredded sails,
 The ship, as in throes of pain,
 Like a thing of life in a deadly strife,
 Contends with the wrathful main.
 And the crew in dread, with the captain dead,
 Are ready to yield and die,
 When the voice they hear of their captain dear
 Is their new commander's cry:
 "Sail on through this carnage of blood and death!
 Sail on o'er this roaring sea!
 We are seamen all who obey the call
 Of the God of our destiny."

And the ship on through the wrathful storm
 Till its bold commander fell,
 Then the crew again felt the pangs of pain,
 And sad are the tales they tell.
 But another came with a soul of flame,
 A hero who dared to die.
 On the deck he stands, and his bold commands
 Are heard in the ringing cry:
 "Sail on to the harbor of distant lands:
 Sail on o'er this roaring sea!
 We are seamen all who obey God's call —
 Sail on to our destiny."

The captain is dead on the wave-washed deck,
 And horror has seized the crew.
 When a man as mild as a laughing child,
 Yet manly and bold and true,
 Is called by the Master to sail the ship
 When the waves that are mounting high
 Wildly crash and roar, but as oft before
 Is heard the commander's cry:
 "Sail on to the harbor of peace and love!
 Sail on o'er this troubled sea!
 We are children all and our Father's call
 Will give us the victory."

The Captain who paces the deck today
 Looks out on a troubled sea;
 But his eyes are bright and his heart is light,
 And his spirit is bold and free.
 When demons of death, with their blasting breath,
 Leap forth from the sea and sky.
 'Mid the wreck and gore and the crash and roar,
 We hear our commander's cry:
 "Sail on through this carnage of strife and death:
 Sail on o'er this raging sea!
 I command us all to obey God's will—
 Sail on to our destiny."

When this captain mild as a laughing child
 Is called from his faithful crew,
 Then another came in the Master's name,
 Who was gentle and bold and true,
 Though he loved a life free from storm and strife,
 When danger and death were nigh,
 'Mid the lightning's flash and the thunder's crash
 Is heard this commander's cry:
 "Sail on to the harbor of blissful peace!
 Sail on o'er this raging sea!
 We are seamen all who obey God's will—
 Sail on to our destiny."

As the months and years, with their smiles and tears,
 Sail on o'er life's troubled sea,
 So this ship and crew, with a chosen few,
 Sail on to their destiny.
 The God of the tempest has launched the ship;
 He chose its commanders brave,
 He commands the storm and can shield from harm;
 He alone has the pow'r to save.

When captain and crew shall have passed away,
 And their sons and their daughters die,
 There will still be then good and faithful men
 Who will hear from the decks the cry:
 "Sail on to the harbor of peace and joy!
 Sail on o'er life's troubled sea!
 We are seamen all who obey the call
 Of the God who has made us free."

BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY, PROVO, UTAH



WINNING THROUGH PLAY

Le Grand Hardy, with his M. I. A. Scouts, on Maple Flats, above Provo. Brother Hardy is a son of the great pioneer in the M. I. A. cause, the late Dr. Milton H. Hardy.

McClosky and the Cable*

The Improvement Era Prize Story, January Contest

BY JOSEPHINE SPENCER

"I mind, Molly," said Mrs. Harrigan, snatching at her spool as it rolled from her lap into the zinc sauce-pan used as a coal-scuttle, "I mind Mag Geegan's man the time he run out of his door wid the print of Mag's mop betwixt his shoulders. "If yez iver come back," bawls Mag after him, "I'll make a picture-card of yer face—wid the mop done on it in scalthin' wather, like the sailor we seen at the play wid the tatchood arm!"

"It's enough of the foine arts for me," rejoins Geegan, "the valentine ye've smocked on me shoulder wid the same utinsil!" and goes off, wid niver another word. The next Mag hears of him, he's over the Divide, at Mullett's, makin' love to a young widdy; on the promise of divorcin' Mag—for mintil dishtress, or some such dislocation. 'Twas his shoulder blade, I'm thinkin' put out by Mag's mop. When Mag hears of his perjurin' thricks, over the hill she goes wid a sheriff, and brings Geegan safe home on a charge of intinded bigamy."

Molly McClosky lifted a pair of dripping arms from the tub, and made vain attempts to dry her streaming eyes. "Go for him, is it?" she asked, stooping to pick a nondescript article from the floor, and mopping her face. "I'd niver go nor sind for McClosky if me and the young wans saw him no more forever. 'Twas neither actual assault nor batthery I gave him, like Mag's, but 'twas the promise of it, like hers, if he ever came back. 'Tis the ind of everythin' I told him, and 'twill be a pail of suds in yer mouth if yez iver open it again in me presence. More than that, I tell him, 'twill be me and the childer walkin' out the door, if it's yerself I iver see walkin' in.' Them are the words I spoke, Mrs. Harrigan, and I'd take the choice of a jump down Matt Crowther's ould shaft than the shame of McClosky's seein' me ate me own words. A fine fool I'd be, the next time he's in the liquor, wid no more to daunt him wid, than my last cock-crowin' threat, swal-leyed to the pin-feathers."

"Where'll he be stoppin' at—think yez?" asked Mrs. Harrigan.

"At the company bunk-house for lodgin's, I'm guessin', and its

*This story won the \$25 prize for January, in the IMPROVEMENT ERA six-months' contest, ending June, 1915.

ristraunt for his meals. He'll mind neither, if the cot's comfortable he slapes in, and the Chinaman cooks him hot waffles for breakfast ivry marnin'—as I've been tould."

She whimpered a moment, resentfully, and then went on. "I said harder things to him maybe, than I should—but would a woman be spakin' poethry at him, I wonder, afther me hard day's work at the tubs, and him comin' home in the liquor, and a month's pay gone into the whiskey!"

"It's a marvel the fool a man's mouth'll make of him," sympathized Mrs. Harrigan. "It's the first taste, and thin Noah's flood and all the animals. I nivver thought he'd hilt out so long, though, away from his home—and him so daft on the young wans!"

Her remark brought a fresh flood of tears from Molly's eyes. "Jim McClosky had that good in him," she declared. "He'd a heart soft as dough for the childer. 'A fine bit of managin'. Molly,' he'd say, when I went off wid my basket o' clean launthry atop me head. 'What's brought in by the tubs goes into the bank for the young wans—its meself that'll be lookin' out for the day's livin'. After all, maybe I'd better have kept a still tongue, than be left wid the intire burden on me own bone and brain. Niver a better man lives than McClosky—out of his cups." She stopped again to dry her eyes—then began over her plaint against the need-less evil which disturbed her happiness.

The scant furnishings of the little room, seen through a haze of steam rising from tub and clothes-boiler, were dim and grimy. The pine table spread with oil cloth, the unpainted cupboard with its tin utensils and cheap crockery, and rusted stove topped with its boiler—all were veiled with steam, and the one little window with a haze of it, to the comparative exclusion of view and sunlight. Companionably housed in this smudge, Molly McClosky rubbed away at her laundry, and her neighbor, Mrs. Harrigan, wielded stiffly, but with wonderful swiftness, the task known to her intimates as "crochy-work," at the same time dropping a bit of sympathy into Molly's monologue of domestic woe, delivered to her accompanying rhythmic motion at the tub.

This ceased, momentarily, as Molly, raising a dripping arm from the suds, pulled at a slackened length of rope tied to the tub-bench, until an invisible resistance from the other end outside the door, rewarded her experiment.

"It's a fine scheme ye have there for keepin' the child safe," commented Mrs. Harrigan.

"The inspiration of me life—that bit o' tether!" answered Molly. "It's the same as havin' me eye on the young wan, widout the distraction of him underfut; I've trouble enough, too, to make me glad to be rid of any bit o' anxiety, comin' anither way."

Outside, on the slope which formed the front door yard of the McClosky's shanty, a small mite of humanity, crowned with a mop of red hair, resented Mrs. McClosky's test of his twine ligament with a backward tug which brought him suddenly to earth, the mishap eliciting a cry of enraged challenge from him to the unseen but guessed offender. Past experience having taught him, however, the futility of prolonged vocal rebellion against this absent maternal care, he presently regained his feet, and recommenced his search for pebbles to fling at the near creek. One lay temptingly in the little hillside path just outside the limit of the Mite's hobble; and as he struggled against its hold, the encircling belt attached to the tether, drawn taut by the Mite's tug, gave suddenly, and lay, with the rope's length, an impotent link on the ground.

Loosed from its coils, the Mite, in ecstasy of discovered liberty, sped, with joyful patter of steps up the sloping path, the vivid red of his small head detaching itself from dingy drabs of earth, boulders and somnolent pigs in McClosky's front yard, to make a wavering patch of color against the hillside.

A train of coal-wagons, manned by swarthy drivers, the Mite's erstwhile awesome delight, rumbled along the road at foot of the slope. A yellow lizard ran dauntingly across his path; black chokecherries gleaned temptingly from the low bushes on either side; a chipmunk whisked a tail luringly from a near boulder—but the Mite's steps pattered steadfastly on, pausing neither for suggestion of fear nor temptation.

Against these, a tiny, subconscious self whispered memories of better things lying at end of the upward path. He had threaded it before on a rollicking shoulder, with a jovial, worshipful, red-bearded face pressed close to his, and a springing, sure-footed tread bearing him into sudden view of a medley of splendid things—"too-toot" cars; tram-cars; wonderful, crashing sounds and unwonted sights; and then, afterward, to a glorious ride on a whirling car into the very mountain itself, past whizzing lights and patches of inky darkness to a big pit where men with coal-black faces, and candle-crowned caps, struck and hammered at shiny black walls—with a splendid indifference to their instant destruction. One scene came into view now from behind a little bunch of scrub-oaks at end of the path—the big platform, the coal-black men at work with the "jigger;" the train on the track below, into which big blocks of coal fell with a fine thunder of sound; and there, beyond all these—the great, yawning hole leading down to the very roots of the hills, and threaded by wonderful, gliding cars pulled by a something which whizzed and hummed intoxicatingly overhead.

At edge of the platform the Mite paused, trying to single, from the group of busy men, a familiar bristle of red beard, merg-

ing into round blue eyes whose glance would spell access to the joys of this enchanted spot; but no familiar face met his glance.

An empty tram-car, released from the "dump," whizzed away into the black hole, and the Mite, clambering hastily upon the platform, held out vainly imploring arms, then, wrathfully stumbled after the vanishing joy into the tunnel's gloom.

The steel tramway, bare just now in an interim of loading, stretched, a long sloping trail through the dim, black-walled vault, empty, too, of human traffic. Down its incline glided the car of potential delight; and on, after it pattered the purposeful Mite, the envied ride a possible, final spoil. Cool, subterranean airs gushed refreshingly against the small, hot face. On either side electric globes made patches of dazzling light into which the car flitted to his temptation, then dimmed again into the alternating black shades; but ever with no hint of detriment to the Mite, trudging after its lure.

In the coal-chamber at end of the two-thousand foot tunnel a return tram-train loaded with its shining black freight, started up the incline; and Jim McClosky, running from the near cross-cut, jumped with a flying leap to his place on the moving train, agile from long practice as an acrobat to his bar. The close-cropped walls of the tunnel narrowed before him into hazy gloom, a patch of near space, only, visible in the light of nearer lamps, whose rays struck onyx-like gleams from the blocks on his train.

The whirl of the cable sent mumbling echoes through the vault—a complaining murmur filling its arched length after the motion had ceased. Its tireless click measured the half-distance, a slow, steady rotation up the easy incline. McClosky, glimpsing a motion on the over-arching beam ahead seized a lump of coal from the truck. Rat-killing for wagers assumed aspects of dizzy sport in all day shifts of travel through unchanging scenery of coal-cropped walls and propping pine-beams.

Having landed his prey, McClosky slipped from his inner pocket a large flask, and raised it to his lips—another common diversion on the daily trips. But the indulgence was stayed. A sound, sharp as the report of a light-calibre gun broke the low, close silence, filling it with detonations. The cars jerked, reversed motion, and began to slip back.

"It's the cable, clane busted, I'm guessin'," muttered McClosky, peering ahead. The wheels began to click with ominous swiftness, and he jumped from the tram—picking himself up instantly, to run with muttering comment, after the flying cars.

"A bad smash it'll be at the foot, an' no help for it—bad luck! A fast race I'll be makin', too, if I'm to see the ind of it—wid the train flyin' past the speed o' comets. It's luck if the engineer'll be gettin' the signal down to clear the boys out o' the cut—"

He halted with a jerk. Behind him, far up the incline, sound-

ed a strange clamor, an intermittent whir, and clang and crash filling the long vault with a chaos of echoes. Peering back, McClosky for a moment could distinguish nothing, though the mysterious din seemed to come nearer. Running back, he gained a spot where the tunnel, widening a little, gave him a farther view, and the sight faintly visioned in the dim light, effaced the careless curiosity from McClosky's air and visage.

Far up the incline, the tail of the broken cable—a big, lithe, python-twist of steel, whirling on its way with a velocity gained momentarily from the speeding cars in front, thrashed from side to side of the tunnel, its way marked by huge splinters struck from beams and coal-blocks banking the low walls. To McClosky's startled sense it seemed like nothing so much as a giant scimeter wielded by unseen, purposeful hands thrashing the narrow space for expected prey. Its strokes cut the parallel walls with the timed precision of machinery—and McCloskey, sensing its menace, turned, with wholesome caution, and took to his heels.

A few paces ahead he stopped listening. The high, frightened scream of a child rang shrilly from the rear vault, and McClosky's cheeks under their coat of grime turned pale.

"It's likely one o' Mike Riley's little wans, wandered from the shanty across the tracks," he gasped. "It's lost he is, I'm fearin'—the poor micky, wid that whirlin' cable-tail on his tracks." He turned away with a shudder, then suddenly set his teeth. "It's niver I'd stand to face Mike if I lave the babe to be chopped down," he muttered. "There'll be nothing but shrids o' the craythur to pick up."

His steps back through the dim vault were flying leaps, and he snatched at a tiny form hardly outlined in the gloom, his wary and fearful eye on the flying cable.

"Stop the squallin!" he shouted to the Mite perched on his shoulders as he turned to run, "There's noise from the rampin' thing behint to craze me—and if yez put extras of yer own into the program, I'll be leavin' yez to the big chopper that's like to make mince o' yez!"

The child, yielding both to the threat and the compelling wonder of the situation, snuggled to McClosky's shoulder and fell silent. Something like consciousness, too, of impending climax might have oozed through the small, tense mind.

McClosky's steps, under the Mite's added weight seemed to his strained sense to crawl; and the cross-cut promising its feeble chance at safety many yards ahead, as vain a hope as Olympus or the stars. Once, too, the uneven path all but tripped him, and he staggered to his feet with oaths in his set teeth.

The sound of the cable's whir, like a tremendous human respiration, goaded the man suddenly into a frenzy, in which selfish fear and resentment fought uppermost.

"I'll niver be makin' the cut wid the spalpeen!" he gasped thickly, half pausing. "I've a mind to drop him and take my chance." Then a wave of tenderness, the appeal of helplessness to his man instinct of protection swept out the impulse. His arms, tightened aggressively about the small form. "I'll maybe be savin' yez yet," he muttered, "if I can dodge the blazin' hellion that's prancin' to make mince o' us—" He lunged, and struck against an unseen obstacle—two great beams placed to support the roof-braces, jutting out from the side-wall. Stunned by the collision, McClosky faltered an instant, then sprang forward and wedged himself into the angle formed by the posts and the wall, while the coil of twisted steel whizzed at his ear, sparing the beams by a hand's breadth, and clanging onward into the gloom.

McClosky hugged his refuge—a newly fledged imagination framing other unguessed perils lurking in the tunnel's dark. The child, pressed tight in the angle, stirred restlessly; and McClosky let him out of his limp arms to toddle into the dim light on the track, where he stood, with fascinated eyes gazing after the clanging "chopper."

McClosky's knees gave way. "Mother of all the saints," he gasped, and crawled dazedly, to clasp the Mite in weakly clinging arms.

"It's mine"—he whispered,—“and I thought 'twas Rilev's.” His voice broke—then trailed on, gaspingly. "Little I drempt of his wanderin' here unbeknownst—the brave little wan! It's the fondness he has for follyin' me, in spite o' me threats. How kem yez in the tunnel, ye spalpeen? It'll be the lock an' kay for yez now, stead o' the tether. A fine fright ye'll be givin' yer mother—too,—and serve her right. I warned her more than wanst again' the rope. 'Couldn't the pigs chew it through,' I says, 'or some micheevious lad loose the knot of it?' Whativer freed yez, 'tis me own prophecy come thrue—and I'll maybe be gettin' a squint of recognition as head o' me own house—"

He stopped suddenly, staring into space for a long silence. Then he snatched at the flask in his pocket, to splinter it against the steel tracks.

"Better be deservin' of me rights, before I'm demandin' 'em—" he muttered. "I've done nothin' worthy in my life—but this one thing—"

A thunderous crash resounded from below, its echoes rolling in great waves up the vaulted incline.

"The train's struck," muttered McClosky, "but if the engineer's signalled the boys out o' the cut, there'll be no worse mischief than the smashed trams and walls. I'll best be gettin' out before a crew's called for repairin' the timbers. I'm no use for the work till I've the young wan safe home, and I'll make it—if it's a lost job—and Molly's pail o' suds in my face for the cost!"

At the kitchen door, the valor of past moments declined. Screened by the Mite, nodding sleepily on his shoulder, McClosky peered stealthily across the sill, alert for impromptu ablutions. Defiance, however, swelled the loud tone in which he called out.

"I'm home again, Molly—and the young wan safe wid me"—the last a possible straw's dam against impending deluge.

The expected liquid gauntlet failing to meet this challenge, McClosky stepped gingerly inside, and finding the kitchen empty, went into the front room, where, after an alert look around, he put down the Mite in a small crib in the corner.

"It's not like her to lave the tubs wid the launthry soakin' in 'em," ruminated McClosky, striding restlessly about. "She'll be off after the young wan, I'm guessin'—and bad luck to her, let her look! 'Twill give her the moral she nades for houlding out against me judgment o' the tether, to say nothin' o' the pledge o' the suds she flung on me thracks. Maybe I'd best be stoppin' for the noon bite, now I'm down, and have it out with the woman; and I'll just be kapin' whist o' the young wan, till she proves if it's war or—"

A distant sound of wailing that had been growing gradually on McClosky's ear, broke into nearer diapason; and hastening to the front window, he saw, emerging from a screening bulge in the hillside at foot of the slope, Molly McClosky—followed by Mrs. Harrigan, beating the creek-banks with hasty steps, whilst the voice of each uttered its doleful note of terror and grief.

In Molly's stout grasp was the household mop, and with it she was churning the stream, leaping by means of its boulders from bank to bank, and prodding its bed with her homely plummet, whilst Mrs. Harrigan, armed similarly with a broom, essayed vainly to keep pace with her hostess' frantic gyrations.

McClosky watched them through the window, his wide eyes glazed with a dull wonderment.

"Is it lunicy—or the drink—that's took them," he muttered. Then, presently, dawning comprehension brought a wide grin to his face. "It's the young wan they're after, I'll be bound!" he beamed. "She'll be thinkin' him drowned in some deep hole o' the creek."

He stepped glibly to the front door, and opening it, stood, pipe in hand, at the sill.

"Molly!" he bawled. "It's the task o' no woman to kape the outside o' the platter clane whilst the inside's littered with tubs and soaked launthry. When yer through moppin' the creek-bed, I'd like me bite o' food before I'm back to the job."

Going into the kitchen, he sat down, pulling with pretended nonchalance at his cold pipe; and here Molly McClosky faced him, panting, disheveled, wide-eyed, her face a composite mask of relief, resentment and dire distress. Behind her trailed Mrs. Harrigan

with her dripping broom, a faint physical and vocal echo of Molly's blatant woe.

"You're back, then, is it—wid yer home and family deserted for a wake past," cried Molly. "'Twill be longer than that, too, before you're seein' them all again. The young wan's drowned—slipped from his tither whilst I tinded Mis' Harrigan's hand, scalt by wather spilt from me wash-boiler—" her voice broke into wailing, and Mrs. Harrigan whimperingly took up the story.

"It's thrue, Jim McClosky. I was snug in my corner there, me wits glued to the crochy—when the boiler slipped from her hand—"

"Are yez lost to the grief o' common parenthood, Jim McClosky," screamed Molly—"sittin' there wid yer pipe, like an Injun totem, and yer youngest dead in the strame!"

McClosky, tilted back against the wall with effective indifference, brought his chair legs to the floor with a resounding thump.

"Is it to be tea—or suds—that'll be washin' down the bite, Molly?" he demanded. "I'll not speak till I know your choice."

Her wail, high, raucous, hopeless, broke forth anew. "He's in the liquor again," she screamed, "and with his youngest choked in the strame!" Shrieking, she ran to the door, but McClosky, big, eased, masterful, stood in her way.

"It's what I've long told yez woman, would come from the tither—and if the moral has scared yez into a reasonable recognition o' me judgmint, as it should, then I'll ease your mind. The spalpeen's asleep in the cot—saved by me own hand from the fate flung on him by yer woman's stubbornness."

Whilst Molly, rushing tumultuously, buried her face in the Mite's red hair, on the cot, Mrs. Harrigan gazed at McClosky with solemn, and even awed regard.

"After this day, McClosky," she said presently, "yez might do the tricks of a performin' mule in yer cups, and niver know the sting o' a reproachful word."

She went back to her bench in the corner, and McClosky raised a voice that was both gentle and husky. "If ye'll be layin' a bite, Molly, I'll be gettin' back to the job. The whistle'll be pipin' in a jiffy—" McClosky stopped and snatched the tub from Molly's fingers to set it down outside the door, then, with quick strides, intercepted her at the wash-boiler.

"It's no woman's task liftin' the heavy things when the man's about, Molly," he said; and then, with the room cleared—"set up for the bite, Mrs. Harrigan. There's no more than a snack, but such as it is you're welcome as any of us." With an extreme of gallantry he drew her bench from the corner to the table, and pushed the old woman with kindly hands into her seat. Molly,

with a tune hummed under her breath, went to whisk a pitcher of water from the piped stream at the door.

"I'll bring the darlint to the table," called Molly, setting her brimming pitcher on the board. "If he's awake, he'll be wantin' his bite with the rest of us."

"Put him on my knee," said McClosky, "I'll hold him. And now, I'll be tellin' yez how the little spalpeen came nigh ending his own and his father's life. 'Twas in the tunnel, where I rode wid the load."

"Think of his wanderin' there," choked Molly, "and them trams paradin' up and down ivry minute. "'Tis Providence he's not kilt under the wheels."

"'Twas the cable came near slicin' him"—essayed McClosky.

"If you've the third of a Christian in yez—McClosky, ye'll speak no more till ye've remembered yer blessin's in prayer."

"There's more to be thankful for than ye'r dreamin'," Molly," said McClosky, choking. "It's the drink, Molly—that I've give up foriver. 'Twas Providence saved me in time, or where would I have been but asleep on the load, as I've been often before, after a sly snack at the flask on me trips in the tunnel—and no wan to save the spalpeen—there alone in the dark wid the cable broke, and lashin' along like mad. It's the whole story of the drink—Molly—the man under the curse of it is what I might have been today, a sodden log by the road, while the big things—life and death, and plenty or poverty rides by close at hand—for him to take—or lose. It all came to me there in the tunnel, like words o' flamme on the dark walls, and I know if I iver went back on the warnin' it 'ud end in my curse. It's foriver, then, I say—foriver!"

And Molly, sobbing on her man's shoulder, knew that his word would hold.

THE END.

"Thou Shalt Worship the Lord Thy God"

Remember Me, remember Me;
Thou are my child, remember Me;
I made this beauteous world for thee,
I sent My Son who died for thee.

Remember Me, remember Me;
At dawn of day, remember Me;
At eventide, remember Me,
At Plenty's board, remember Me.

Remember Me, remember Me;
In all thy joys, remember Me;
And in thy grief, remember Me;
In Jesus' name, remember Me.

GEORGE H. BRINHALL.

Beautiful Madeira

BY FRANK J. HEWLETT, FORMERLY PRESIDENT OF THE SOUTH
AFRICAN MISSION

After fourteen days of gentle sailing on the North Atlantic, which on this trip was to us like a sea of painted glass, with just a few ripples to remind us that we were sailing over the ocean blue, we obtained our first vision of beautiful Madeira, a Portuguese island, 360 miles from the coast of Africa, with a land area of 313 square miles.

We are nearing the land on a charming autumn morning in November. Steaming close to the coast, for several miles, we saw



VIEW OF THE BAY AND TOWN OF FUNCHAL, MADEIRA, AS SEEN FROM
THE RAILWAY.

a glorious panorama comprising almost all the varied features of the island—a rocky coast line, beetling cliffs, tall peaks, slopes clad with verdure, valleys and ravines piercing the interior, and little villages nestling slightly on the edge of the sea; then Funchal, the peer of them all.

We have seen many beautiful cities in our travels, but Funchal, the capital of Madeira, may well be compared with Honolulu, the paradise of the Pacific, or with any of the land jewels that dot the inland seas of Japan.

It is difficult to describe Funchal as it appeared to us that morning, in all its pristine beauty. The Bay at Funchal is about six miles wide. It is surrounded by lofty hills, whose steep sides are terraced like the circle of a great amphitheatre, and clad in luxuriant sub-tropical verdure in which are dotted picturesquely, white-sided and red-roofed houses.

Here and there the hillside is cleft by ravines down which tiny shining rivers find their way to the sea. On one bold eminence is a castle-like structure, Fort De Pico, or peak fort; several similar points of vantage have been seized upon for hotel sites. Nearer the town, which crowds upon the foreshore, is the governor's palace. All these striking features reveal themselves clearly in the morning sunlight. In the immediate foreground, on the blue waters of the bay, lie the busy, innumerable sailboats. As the s. s. *Armada de Castle* churned her way slowly to anchorage, we noticed many large vessels preparing to sail for Australia, South Africa, and England. Some of them were seen with coal



GENERAL VIEW OF FUNCHAL

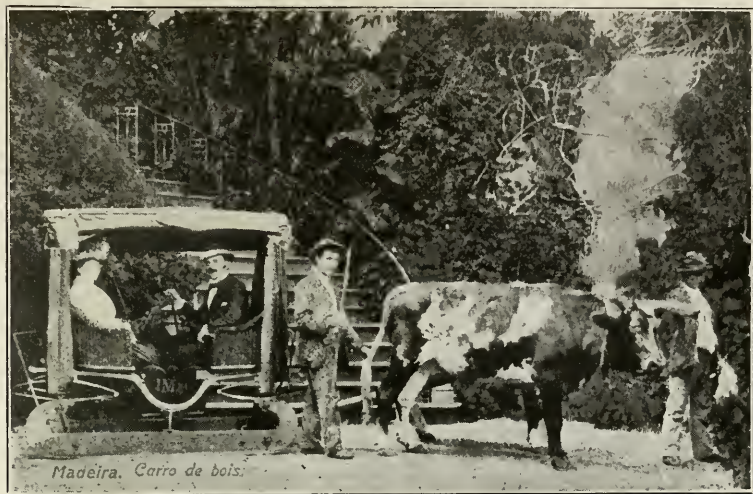
hulks alongside, from which they were filling depleted bunkers.

The island of Madeira, so richly endowed by nature with scenery of unrivaled beauty, rich cultivation, and fruits natural to both tropical and temperate regions, is about thirty nautical miles in length, the greatest breadth being nearly sixteen miles. The island is traversed by a central mountain ridge, the highest peaks of which reaches 6,000 feet.

The population, composed mostly of Portuguese, is about one hundred and sixty thousand. Next to the Portuguese in numbers

are the English, in Funchal, who are not merely visitors and shipping people, but residents. The English language is, therefore, understood in most of the streets and shops. So also is English money; not English sovereigns alone, which are current the world over, but shillings and pennies.

Th Madeiraites absolutely refused to take our African money, sovereigns and shillings, with sturdy Oom Paul Kruger engraved on it. So it was agreed, as a last resort, to use it for



AN OX CARRO—THE CARRIAGE OF MADEIRA

the stewards as tips on shipboard and for other current expenses. It was gladly taken at par value there.

Like most tropical and semi-tropical countries, there was a surplus of beggars in Funchal; and "Penny, please," constantly rang in our ears. Even the well-clad and obviously well-fed men and women do not feel any loss of self-respect in asking for coppers, and it was common for mere babes in mothers' arms to do so.

One of the singular institutions in Funchal is the town prison. It is located on one of the principal streets, facing one of the leading squares. Portuguese soldiers, dressed in brilliant uniforms, stand sentry at its doors. As one passes down the street beside it, a strange din greets the ear. Looking up, one sees faces peering from grated openings in the thick walls; and through the bars are thrust long poles, with small trays or cups at one end, on which the stranger is implored to put a penny or a cake.

"Me six months," said one bold rascal, calling out to us in

plain English. This extraordinary clamor goes on unheeded and unchecked by the authorities; though, so far as we observed, it seldom received any response. We went through this house of detention, and while the place was somewhat musty, having evidently been built at a remote period, the prisoners were not apparently so badly off. We learned, however, that they were not desperate characters, but offenders of the milder type.

But let us forget the shadows of Madeira, and take a glimpse of the typical scenes of this island, which we have read and talked so much about during our sixteen days at sea.

Among them were the means of locomotion. One of the first things we observed, was the absence, with one exception, of wheeled vehicles. There are no wagons, carts, bicycles or horses. The carriage of Madeira is a *carro*, a basket-worked chariot, with a canopy, curtains and cushioned seats. It moves not on wheels, but on a wooden, sledge-like frame. It is not drawn by horses,



HAULING FREIGHT ON A BULLOCK SLEDGE.

but by a sleek, well-fed yoke of oxen. The drivers are often picturesquely garbed, and run beside the oxen, guiding them with a long pole. They not infrequently encourage or chide their oxen with strange, uncouth shouts. The oxen plod patiently over the stones, and though the *carro* is not a swift mode of conveyance, it is very comfortable, quaint and romantic, so much so that one hopes that it may long survive.

A few automobiles have invaded the town, and they convey

the tourists to a neighboring village along the only macadamized road in the island. Autos are out of place, however, in the narrow, winding streets, where they seem entirely out of harmony with their surroundings.

Tourists who have any sense of the fitness of things in Madeira, will rigidly boycott these modern inventions, and do their sight-seeing leisurely in the native ox-drawn chariots.

Merchandise and wine (the most famous wine in the world), as well as passengers, are conveyed on bullock-sledges; and indeed there is no other mode of conveyance up the steep hill paths except on mules, or on the heads of the buxom, brightly-clad Portuguese women. The women often carry very heavy burdens on their heads, and it is astonishing how carefully they balance them.

The rustic sledge is peculiarly suitable to Maderia. There is delightful coasting, without the unknown quantities, ice and snow. Substitutes are pebbles, by which the typical roads and pathways are paved. These are completely covered with pebble stones, and, by constant wear, probably for centuries, the flint-like pebbles, being set close together upon edge, form an uncommonly slippery surface. Once, therefore, a sledge has gained some degree of momentum, it glides easily along; and as there is practically no level ground, the suitability of this sledge, and method of locomotion is obvious. On the downward grade it merely requires starting and it will run well; while on the up grade, the slipperiness of the pebbles is counteracted, both for man and beast, by the formation of the pavement, which is laid in ridges or waves, instead of having a plain surface. The upper portion of each ridge furnishes, in fact, a slightly raised step or stair. A favorite excursion

for visitors is to travel up the mountain, behind the town, by the cog-wheel railroad to a height of nearly four thousand feet, and then rapidly down, toboggan-fashion. The experience is a thrilling one. The toboggan does not, as may be imagined, jump from ridge to ridge, because it is always borne by two of the ridges, and hence glides comparatively smoothly down the slope. But soon it gathers



A SLEDGE FROM THE MOUNTAIN

speed, and if it were uncontrolled, it would fly down the hill like an auto without brakes. There are many sharp curves, which would furnish a hard spill in such an event. But two natives, in fantastic garb, sure-footed as goats, run beside or behind the car, holding to the ropes which are fastened to the car's front, and check or guide its progress. If absolutely necessary, in an emergency, they have a thick piece of folded burlap, which they would



SLEDGE AND COG-WHEEL TRAIN—UP ON THE TRAIN, DOWN ON THE SLEDGE

then cast in front of the polished runners. Nevertheless, there are some points on the journey where it is not wise to reflect too much upon what would happen if one of the men should fall or a check-rope snap.

Our toboggan trip was the climax to a charming excursion which impressed us with a sense of the lavish luxuriance with which nature has endowed this fortunate island. As the little cog-wheeled train climbed the steep, we had glimpses of lovely gardens and splendid vineyards. Roses of all colors gleamed in rich profusion, camellias, azaleas, pinks, and many variegated flowers which lacked names, as far as we were concerned. Near the summit, the mountain was embowered with a mass of trees and foliage, from which peeped the magnificent Portuguese villas. On the lower slopes were the sugar cane, the banana, and other fruit trees, loaded with a luxuriance of luscious fruit.

But time is pressing, and the *Armada* Castle is sending forth blast after blast from the brass throat of its siren, the warning that we know so well—time and tide wait for no man,

We hurry back to our palatial ocean home once more, and, as the good ship sails toward dear old England, we turn with keen regret to the lovely island with its luxurious scenes, enjoyed so much during the few lovely hours we spent there. Madeira fades away in the distance like a beautiful dream!



NATIVES

Growth

Full oft a loosened pebble, that hath turned
 Beneath the tread, hath given wealth so yearned
 That earth's vast bosom hath been undermined,
 Such Midas of her affluence to find.
 The morn foretells not what, at waning light,
 Shall grace the advent of approaching night.

From small beginnings wondrous things arise,
 Far greater than do mortals realize;
 In striving to perform some duty well,
 A duty that, perchance, the truth to tell,
 Unlovely seems unto the eye of man,
 He yet hath learned to know some higher plan,
 A meed that unto him oftentimes hath brought,
 Like Saul, a recompense he had not sought.

GRACE INGLES FROST



MISSION HOUSE OF THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS, AT COPENHAGEN,
DENMARK

Anthon L. Skanchy

A Brief Autobiographical Sketch of the Missionary Labors of a Valiant Soldier for Christ

TRANSLATED AND EDITED BY DR. JOHN A. WIDTSOE

XI. THE LAND OF ZION

In the spring of 1868, through the help of President C. C. A. Christensen, I succeeded in borrowing enough means to emigrate to Zion. I had then been in the Church a little more than seven years, the first two of which had been devoted in part, and the last five wholly, to missionary service. I married at this time, Anna Christina Krogero, an assistant in the mission office, who was a widow with four children. After bidding farewell to the many Saints in Christiania, we traveled to Copenhagen and thence to Liverpool, where we boarded the sailship, *John Bright*, which has carried many of our people across the ocean. After a voyage of six weeks, mostly in the face of a strong headwind, we reached New York on the 15th of July, 1868, during a spell of very warm weather. There were over 700 immigrants in our company.

We spent a few days in New York and were then sent westward by railway. The terminus of the railway was Laramie, which left about 600 miles to Salt Lake City. At Laramie there was a company from Utah with horses and mules to conduct the immigrants onward. We were organized into companies, with Hector C. Haight as captain, and we began our journey over the plains along the banks of the Sweetwater.

We reached Salt Lake City the first week in September, 1868, after a six weeks' march from Laramie over the dry and warm plains, immersed in a cloud of dust from morning until night. The children and the weak mothers were allowed to ride in the wagons; while all the men were obliged to walk the whole distance in dust by day, and keep watch against the Indians at night. We were pretty well supplied with meat, flour, fruit and other food for our journey over the plains. When we camped in the evening, we cooked our food, and made our bread. All went fairly well.

At last we came to Emigration canyon, and had our first glimpse of Salt Lake City. We were glad and grateful to our heavenly Father for his fatherly care of us during our journey. On arriving at the Tithing yard, in Salt Lake City, our captain was released. I pitched our little tent and remained there during eleven days awaiting an opportunity to go to Cache Valley where I had some Norwegian friends of earlier days.

That fall, the grasshoppers visited Cache Valley, and all the crops were destroyed, so that there was not enough food to supply the needs of the people. As I was responsible for a family I took my blanket on my shoulder and walked over the mountains to Salt Lake Valley in search of work that would bring me a little money with which to buy bread stuff,—the greatest need of my family at the time. There was just then a call for "Mormon" boys to go out and do section work on the Union Pacific Railway. I worked at this until the October Conference at Salt Lake City, which I felt I must attend. I was given free fare to Salt Lake City, upon my promise to return, as the railroad company wanted the "Mormons" to continue the work on the road. When the railroad was laid to Corinne, Box Elder Co., we were laid off, and I went home to Logan the following night.

I rented a small log house, in the Logan Fifth ward, and began to work at once in the canyon, cutting timber. In this work I continued for five years. I took out logs for the house of Apostle Ezra T. Benson, in exchange for which I obtained the city lot on which I later built my residence. I filled a contract to deliver to the Utah Northern Railroad two thousand ties. Then I contracted to deliver to Brother Micklesen the timber for the grist mill in Logan, now known as the Central Mills. For this last contract I received six hundred pounds of flour. I also con-

tracted with Alexander Allen of Newton and received as pay twenty gallons of molasses. I was now well off. I could have bread, with molasses, and this, indeed, was my steady diet while I worked in the mountains. Nevertheless, this work was very hard. Between times, I helped in the hay harvest, and thus earned some wheat and, in fact, I took hold of whatever work offered itself.

In the fall of 1873, we began to build the Logan tabernacle. Brother Charles O. Card was called to act as the superintendent and he called me to assist him. It was my special work to keep accounts and to collect donations with which to pay the workmen. I measured and weighed rocks, sand, and other materials of construction, brought in for the building, and paid the workers in beef, vegetables, and the variety of things donated. Many beeves were brought in as donations, so we tanned the hides, and began to manufacture shoes. Thus came the Tabernacle Shoe Shop and Meat Shop in one building, which we called, Our Meat Market and Our Shoe Shop. I labored nearly six years in this capacity. In 1879, I was ordained a High Priest and set apart as a member of the Cache stake High Council.

XII. MY THIRD MISSION

In 1879, when the Logan tabernacle was completed, and we were at work on the Logan temple, I was called, at the October conference, to go on a mission to Scandinavia. I left Logan in November, 1879, and reached Liverpool, December 12. We had a rough voyage across the ocean. I was sent to Frederickstad, for a short time, then to my native city, Trondhjem, in Norway. Elder Ellingsen, of Lehi, was there when I arrived, but in a couple of months he was released to return to his home. I then remained there alone to represent the gospel of the everlasting covenant, but I harbored only gratitude to my heavenly Father. I organized a choir, held meetings and preached the gospel with all my might. Many were won to the truth. Those who did not enter the Church, through baptism, are good friends to our people, and respect "Mormonism" with its doctrines and principles of salvation. Among many others, I had the honor to baptize, as a member of the Church, Anna C. Widtsoe. Her son, John, I had the joy to baptize after the family arrived in Utah. Our meeting place, at that time, was on what was known as Mollenberg, in a house belonging to Johnson who later settled in Logan.

The branch over which I presided extended far into Northern Norway. I went frequently to the northern city of Namsos, where I rented a hall and had large meetings. Many were also brought into the Church in that place. I made many friends in Namsos, and among the more influential, a Mr. Salvesen. He

belonged to the aristocracy of the city, but became friendly to me and the cause I represented, until he even offered me one of his large halls for our gatherings, in case the priest should attempt to banish me. Mr. Salvesen, with his two sons, came to our meetings. Once when the hall was crammed full, he stood up before the congregation and testified to the truth of what I had said. So much to his honor!

I went from house to house and offered books and writings. I did not find much to eat, but I was well satisfied and when I sold a few books I could buy myself a little bread before I returned to my little room. And a little bread with fresh water tasted really good!

By the early spring, I had baptized, in Namsos among others, Brother Hassing and his family, who are yet living in Salt Lake City. Before I left Namsos, I organized a Relief Society so that the good sisters could conduct meetings when I left.

In the spring of 1870, I was called to attend the conference in Christiania. After the conference, I tried to find some of the brethren and sisters of Christiania whom I knew so well in earlier days. Some, I found, and many had moved away to the distant valleys of Norway. I decided to find, if I could, the family of Gunder Johnson. To do this, I was obliged, again, to walk the full length of southern Norway, over the Dovre mountain and down Guldbrands valley and up and down other valleys. I found at last Gunder Johnson with his family. I found that they had had no opportunities for schooling, nor for meetings, for several years, but they had our books and the *Scandinavian Star*, which had been read and reread until the books were almost worn out. They lived as the gospel demanded. I remained with these friends about two weeks, held meetings, and baptized all who would embrace the doctrines taught by me.

During this visit, in Guldbrands valley, I had very great success. The whole community took sides with me, until the priest came and broke up my crowded meetings, and warned the people against following teachers of false doctrines! This priest, Mr. Halling, was well respected and beloved of the people. He edited a magazine called *Rich and Poor*. He was good to the poor. He lived only four miles from where I held my meetings, and I stayed with a friend near his home.

One day I called on this minister to discuss things with him, but his feelings were so bitter that he showed me the door several times, and at last took my hat and cane and threw them out. As I left the house, he spoke bitter, hard words to me. Half a year later I came there again. The priest had then become the chairman of the county court. One of his duties was to keep the country roads in good condition. This brought him in quite close contact with the people who all worked on the roads. I

was told that on one occasion when he was supervising a body of road workers, while they were all at lunch, one of the men, a friend of mine, curious to know what the priest would say, said, "I should like to know what became of that tramp 'Mormon' preacher that we had here a half year ago." The priest immediately took up the conversation and said, "That man was no tramp. We were both angry when we left each other, but I would give much now if I could have that man in conversation again." This was his testimony that day, before a large gathering of people. I have now performed the endowment ordinances for him in the temple, and I look upon him as a good man, although he did all he could to work against me and my beloved religion.

When I had been in the mission field something over three



SIXTH WARD MEETINGHOUSE, LOGAN

years, I was released. I reached my home in Logan late in the year, 1881.

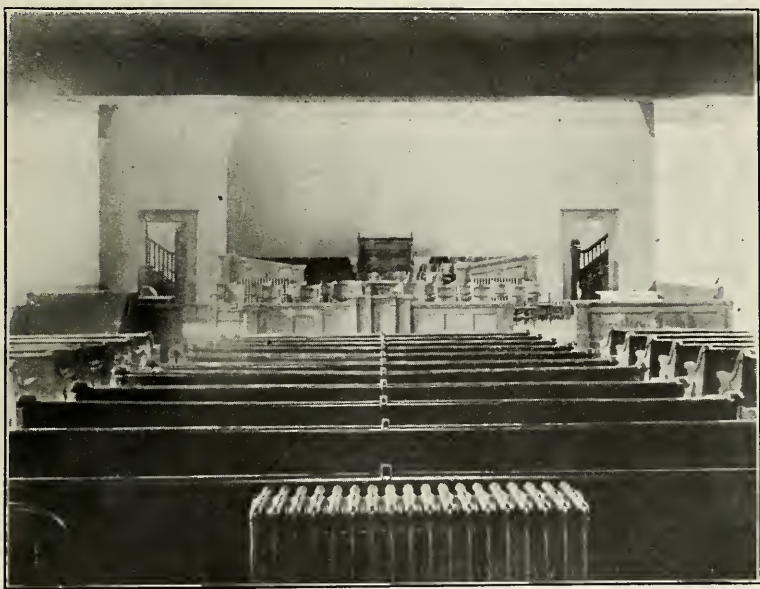
Upon my return from my third mission, I was called, in 1882, to take charge of a district of the Logan First ward, as Presiding priest. After the Logan temple was dedicated, this district was made a ward, and I was ordained to be bishop of the Logan Sixth ward, on June 6, 1884. The many duties pertaining to this calling occupied my time very completely for several years.

XIII. MY FOURTH MISSION

On October 11, 1886, I left Logan for another mission to

Scandinavia. Upon my arrival in Copenhagen I was assigned to labor in Norway. I acted first as a traveling elder, and in that capacity visited nearly the whole of Norway. Later I presided, again, at Christiania. My mission was filled with active labors, and I believe much good was accomplished.

In the year, 1888, while I presided over the Christiania Conference, many were baptized into the Church. Among them was Brother Koldstad who afterwards became superintendent of the Christiania Sunday school. His wife seemed to be against the gospel, but the Lord, who knows the hearts of the children of men, made manifest to her when she humbled herself in prayer, that "Mormonism" is a saving message sent by God from the heavens. It came about in this manner.



INTERIOR SIXTH WARD MEETINGHOUSE, LOGAN

My mission was nearly ended. I had been away more than three years, and had been released to return home. I spent the last days before leaving Christiania in bidding goodbye to the Saints. One evening I took the train from the little village of Lien, where I had been visiting. That evening there was to be an important council meeting in Christiania, at which I was to transfer the presidency of the conference to Elder O. H. Berg, of Provo, now bishop of the Provo Fourth ward. While the cars were rapidly moving towards Christiania, I sat in one of the compartments thinking of the business of the evening. Suddenly a

voice came to me, telling me to go out to Granlund, where Brother Koldstad resided, for a woman there had fasted and prayed to the Lord that Elder Skanchy might visit her, and she desired to accept the gospel in which she had faith. In my simplicity, I believed the voice to be an imagination of my soul, and for about five minutes tried to convince myself that such was the case. I had very little time, because I had to be in Christiania before our council meeting began, in order to get things in order to deliver into new hands, and the place the voice told me to go was in an opposite direction from the meetinghouse. I felt that the Lord knew that my service was in his cause, and that the council meeting was in his service. Soon, however, the message came again, this time in a tremendous voice, that I must go to Koldstad's home, for a woman there had fasted and prayed to the Lord that I might come. The voice was so commanding that I arose to my feet, in the car, and I threw my right arm into the air, and said, "Yes, Lord, I will go." As soon as I reached the Christiania station, I proceeded there. With Brother Koldstad I found Sister Koldstad. I told her that I had received a message to meet there. I felt greatly touched by the Spirit. She told me that she had fasted and prayed that I would come to her home before I went away. She told me further that she believed all that I had taught, and if I thought her worthy, she would like to be baptized before I left Christiania. She was determined that I should baptize her the day following. Thus the Lord dictates in his own way to his children. This revelation from our heavenly Father was a very great testimony to me, and may be pleasing to all who believe in spiritual manifestations. Many years after, when we were all in Zion, I called on Sister Anna C. Widtsoe and her sister Lina Gaarden, and we visited Sister Koldstad in her home, Salt Lake City, during one of the annual conferences. Sister Koldstad, then and there, explained to them the manner of her conversion, and that I had come to her in answer to prayer.

Just a Moment! Daily Strength and Cheer

Things worth doing: Smiling, speaking kind words. Showing respect for the aged. Lending always a helping hand. Telling the truth, under all circumstances. Choosing only the good for daily companions. Read books that instruct and inspire, rather than excite. Forming the habit of close observation and careful study. Spending less than one makes, so as to provide for emergencies. Accepting the Book of Mormon as one true guide for this life.—*Elder Milton F. Dalley, of the Eastern States Mission.*

Marriage

BY JOHN A. OLSEN

Matrimony should be considered holy and sacred, leading, as it does, to the climax of man's mission here on earth, and to a continuation of progress and eternal happiness in the hereafter.

The main key to a happy family union is our Savior's injunction, "Love one another." True love is neither superficial nor selfish. It cheerfully adds to the happiness of others, and is ever ready to join in the mutual efforts incumbent upon the dutiful husband and wife in laboring mentally and physically for the maintenance of home and the caring for offspring, if any there be. Parenthood is indeed as noble a state as parental guardianship is a holy trust.

Where love rules, service becomes a pleasure. The observant writer, Robt. L. Stevenson, says: "When we love we serve, and when we are loved by others, I would almost say we are indispensable." The love that serves is pure and undefiled, because "it seeketh not its own." Its highest aim and greatest pleasures are to minister unto others, to help where help is needed, and to labor wherever possible for the welfare and happiness of humanity.

The possessor of such love is not only a ray of living light to his surroundings, but he is daily receiving his reward, through a clear conscience and an inner satisfaction resulting from all righteous deeds. Truly, Solomon the wise was right in saying, "A contented mind is a continual feast."

But, unfortunately, the love that serves is not always the foundation, or corner stone, of marriage. If, as is too frequently the case, the love that *seeketh its own* is actuating either, or both, of the contracting parties, such love will most assuredly "wax cold," sooner or later.

The causes of unhappy marriages—many of these resulting in desertion, separation or divorce—are too many to enumerate; but the following may be mentioned:

First of all, there is the well-known disregard for the sanctity of married life—the breaking of holy vows and the violation of sacred covenants entered into; also, unchastity, elopements, secret or clandestine marriages, idleness, dishonest speculations, cruelty and intemperance. Statisticians claim that intemperance alone is directly or indirectly responsible for nearly ninety per cent of all crimes committed in the world. And certain it is, that this same vice is largely responsible for most of the misery mismatched couples

endure. Then again, there is being "unequally yoked," with reference to religious inclinations, as well as differences of opinions politically, on the part of husband and wife; also lack of education, wealth or social standing, may likewise in a great measure affect the happiness of married couples. There are also marriages where one or both of the parties lack considerably in sound judgment, or even good common sense. Where such a condition exists, unhappiness must eventually result.

It would seem that the points here referred to are worth careful consideration by all intending to marry, and who have moral courage enough to meet the responsibilities of wedlock.

On the other hand, where prospective candidates for marriage seriously seek for the mind and will of the Lord in the matter, studiously consider the *pros* and *cons*, and then exercise at least ordinary judgment before taking a step of so far-reaching consequence, little or no fear need be entertained as to the probable outcome; provided, of course, that after the marriage the husband and wife endeavor to live in peace and harmony with each other, shunning even the very appearance of evil.

In such a matrimonial union, where husband and wife, as far as they can, truly and in the spirit of love sympathize with each other, mutually sharing each other's responsibilities, joy abounds and happiness reigns supreme.

A husband and wife, full of integrity, having thus made up their minds beforehand to "stay with the bargain" at all hazards—through rain or shine, joy or sorrow, sickness or health, prosperity or adversity, will faithfully continue to support each other—yea, even in the shadow of death, when even former friends might forsake them.

Lo! this is the work of pure love—the love that seeketh "*not its own*"—the kind of which the poet says:

"It grows like the oak
In the long, long years;
It is nourished by thoughts,
By songs and by tears.
It flashes so swift—
In a moment's dart
Its roots take hold
In the depths of the heart."

The Story of the Salt Lake Theatre*

BY HORACE G. WHITNEY, DRAMATIC EDITOR, "THE DESERET NEWS"

In Four Parts—Part I



THE HISTORIC SALT LAKE THEATRE

Built by President Brigham Young
First opened March 6, 1862

AM ASKED to tell you the story of the Salt Lake Theatre. To perform that task intelligently, means that one must hark back many a long year prior to the date the first spadeful of earth was turned, or the first stone laid for the historic structure. He must, in fact look into the pages of the history of Nauvoo, that once-famous city on the Mississippi, built by the "Mormons," and where they laid the foundations for much of the culture, social pleasure, and entertainment, which years afterwards characterized the life of the Utah pioneers. In Nauvoo, in the early forties, music, both vocal and instrumental, flourished; there were several bands and choral societies, and many teachers and performers. Schools were founded, and advanced classes studied Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, and there, more than all, the drama was encouraged and cultivated to a degree quite remarkable in a community so isolated, and so far from the centers of wealth and population.

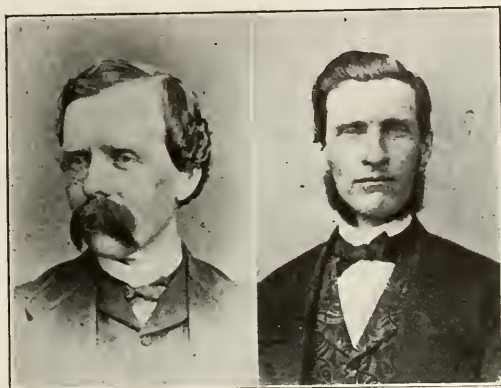
Joseph Smith, T. A. Lyne and H. B. Clawson

Joseph Smith, the prophet, thought so highly of the mission of the drama, that he formed a dramatic company in Nauvoo, and among those who took part in some of the plays were Brigham Young, Erastus Snow and George A. Smith. Thomas A. Lyne, then a prominent tragedian of the east, came from Philadelphia to play with the Nauvoo company. He became so enamored of life among the people there, that he joined the "Mormon" faith, and for a time was a zealous expounder of its tenets. The rock on which he foundered, however, was the call

*An address delivered before the Cleofan Society, Salt Lake City, January 27, 1915.

to a foreign mission; when that call came he faded away, to reappear among the people, as we shall see later, in a somewhat romantic manner, after a silence of nearly twenty years. While he lived in Nauvoo, however, he was vastly popular, and the plays he produced, mostly tragedies, with himself in the leading roles, never failed to draw enthusiastic audiences.

One day Joseph Smith brought to him a young man named Hiram Clawson. "Here's a boy," he said, "who is clever at mim-



HIRAM B. CLAWSON AND JOHN T. CAINE
First Managers of the Salt Lake Theatre

icry. I wish you would give him a chance." Lyne told the boy he was then engaged on "Pizzaro," and the only position vacant was that of the stage hand who sat in the flies and threw down the fire from the heavens at the proper cue. Young Clawson eagerly accepted the task, and thus began the theatrical career which ripened so fully in Salt Lake, years afterward. Brigham

Young played the High Priest in the same production, and the long and intimate acquaintance between those two which there had its beginning, and the taste for theatricals which took so deep a root among the people from those performances, without doubt were the first causes, the germs from whence sprang the widespread interest in the drama among the Utah pioneers, and which culminated in the building of the Salt Lake theatre, nearly twenty years later.

The Earliest Plays and Players.

In many of his moves, Brigham Young has been compared to Napoleon. He was never more Napoleonic than when, in 1846, on the banks of the Missouri River, after the exodus from Nauvoo, he laid out his plans for the great westward march to the Rockies, or perhaps to the Californias. Napoleon paused on the banks of the Vistula, as he prepared for the invasion of Russia, to receive couriers from Paris, telling him what plays and operas were being produced, and to forward his instructions to the players and managers, with the programs they should present during his absence. Even so, Brigham Young, with far-seeing eye, made

out his programs for the social life, employment, and entertainment of his people before he knew where their future home was to be. The schools, music, the press, and the drama were alike provided for, and the pioneers were no sooner located than those four great civilizing agencies, whose roots had been carefully taken up from the soil of Nauvoo, and tenderly nurtured in the great migration across the plains, were transplanted amid the more congenial soils of "The Valley," where they blossomed and shed their fragrance on "wide neighborhoods of men."

The famous Nauvoo brass band, under Captain William Pitt, ministering angels to the souls of the pioneers, was never allowed



THOMAS A. LYNE

First Trainer of Our Pioneer Actors, Nauvoo, 1842, Utah, 1863

to lapse; the Nauvoo choirs became the Tabernacle choir; the University of Deseret began its operations as soon as the crops could be planted and shelter provided; the first issue of the *Deseret News* was printed in June, 1850, not three years after the first body of pioneers arrived, and in the same year the first play ever produced in the intermountain region, if not in all the west, was given in the "Bowery," an edifice made half of lumber, half of boughs, located on the Temple block, and in which the religious assemblies of the people were also held. "Robert Macaire" was the play chosen, and naturally we find the name of Hiram B. Clawson prominent in the cast. Who can doubt that the revival of the

drama amid such surroundings was largely the result of the experiences of Brigham Young and Hiram B. Clawson, in Nauvoo, years before? Would that we had preserved to us, some of the details of those "Bowery" performances, the rehearsals, the casts, the means by which plays, costumes, lights and the thousand and one adjuncts of a theatre, were procured.

Two years later, 1852-3, saw the opening of the Social Hall, then the marvel of the time, with H. B. Clawson again in the front, now reinforced by other talented players. For ten years the Social Hall was the center of the social, musical and theatrical life of the pioneers. Then Brigham Young saw that the community was outgrowing it, and as it began to be monopolized, more and more, as a place of dancing, he turned his thoughts to the erection of a more ambitious and permanent temple of the drama

The Margetts-Bowring Company

The late Phil Margetts, who took part with H. B. Clawson in "Robert Macaire," and all the later plays that followed in the "Bowery" and the Social Hall, was always fond of claiming that he was largely instrumental in causing President Young to reach his decision to build the Salt Lake Theatre. He and Henry Bowring, with a number of associates, organized the Mechanics Dramatic Association, an offshoot of the Social Hall company. They gave a number of performances in "Bowring's" theatre, located on East First South, in the Twelfth-Thirteenth Ward. President Young attended the performances there, and was so well pleased that he took steps to bring the two companies together, and he then promised them a real theatre, worthy of their talents.

In the Mechanics

Company were included the following:

Phil Margetts, Henry McEwan, J.A. Thompson, Joseph Barker, John B. Kelley, John Chambers, Jos. Bull, Pat Lynch, William Wright, William Poulter, William Price, Henry E. Bowring, Mrs. Marian Bowring, Mrs. Bull, Mrs. McEwan, Elizabeth Tullidge, and Ellen Bowring. The performance referred to by



HENRY BOWRING AND PHIL MARGETTS

Twin Comedians of the Salt Lake Stage

Phil Margetts occurred in the winter of 1860. In 1861 the excavation for the new building was commenced on "the Reynolds-Cahoon corner," First South and State Streets.

Theatre Built With Speed

President Young, as usual, allowed no grass to grow under his feet. I searched the files of the *Deseret News*, for 1861, and found that in October of that year, it was stated the walls of the "new theatre" were completed on the afternoon of October 22. On Christmas day, 1861, the *News* said the roof was on the building, and a few weeks more would make it ready for use. In a speech before the curtain, on Christmas night, 1862, the stage manager, John T. Caine, said that the work on the building had begun in July, 1861, and up to Christmas, 1862, he said the cost was \$100,000. This is the first mention I ever remember to have

seen of the cost of the original structure. He said, however, it was still far from completion.

I have often heard that the center of interest with Salt Lake's population, in the winter of 1861, alternated between two points: (1) the wall in front of the *Deseret News*, whereon were posted bulletins of the great Civil War, then raging, and (2) the mammoth structure going up two blocks away, the long awaited "new theatre," so-called in contradistinction to the Social Hall, which was generally styled the "old" theatre.

The Theatre's First Night

We can but faintly imagine the gratification that must have filled the breast of Brigham Young, as he sat upon the stage that first night of the great playhouse, and gazed upon the audience which had responded to his invitation. That event has been so often narrated, and written about, and was so recently celebrated by a week of festivities (in March, 1912, when its fiftieth anniversary was observed), that I shall only refer to it briefly. The house held then about what it does now, 1200 to 1500, and the demand for accommodations was so great that two nights were set apart, Thursday, March 6, and Saturday, March 8, 1862. The dedication occurred the first night, the attendance being by invitation, the guests being Church officials, and the men who worked on the building, and their families. William H. Folsom, the architect, also had a place of honor.

The following is a copy of the invitation issued by President Brigham Young, for the opening night:

Mr.....and family are respectfully invited to be present at the dedication of the New Theatre, on Thursday evening, March 6, 1862, at 6 o'clock.

"Brigham Young.

"P. S.—Children under four years of age not admitted. As the house is not finished, care should be taken to come warmly clothed.

"This ticket must be presented at the door of the Theatre.

"Great Salt Lake City,

"Feb. 28, 1862."

The dedication exercises consisted of addresses by Presidents Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, and Elder John Taylor. The dedicatory prayer, a long and eloquent one, was given by President Daniel H. Wells. A large choir and orchestra, under Prof. C. J. Thomas, furnished several selections, one of them an anthem, the words by Eliza R. Snow, the music by Prof. C. J. Thomas, composed for the occasion; W. C. Dunbar (another name famous in our amusement annals) sang "The Star-spangled Banner;" he and Agnes Lynch sang the solo parts in the anthem. A song by John Taylor and C. J. Thomas was also rendered by W. C. Dunbar during the evening.

The play, "The Pride of the Market," followed, after which dancing by the company concluded the entertainment.

The second night, Saturday, March 8, saw the first paid performance. It began at 7 o'clock, and the crowds commenced to assemble at 5. Hundreds were turned away from the door, and all the standing room was occupied. The prices charged were, parquetry and first circle, 75 cents; upper galleries, 50 cents. "The Pride of the Market" was repeated, followed by "State Secrets," and between the two, W. C. Dunbar sang a comic song, "Bobbing Round." H. B. Clawson and John T. Caine were joint managers, and their connection with the house continued many years thereafter.

Two Disputed Points Settled

It may be interesting if we settle here an oft-disputed question, whether or not there was any dramatic performance on the opening night, or whether the entire evening was occupied by the dedicatory exercises. The memory of the old timers, and some printed records, are greatly at variance on this point, but it may be taken as certain that "The Pride of the Market" formed part of the exercises on the opening night, Thursday, March 6. The late Mrs. M. G. Clawson, says she remembered it very well, because she sat shivering in the wings, in a character costume, through Squire Wells' very extended prayer. She is corroborated by the diary of the late George Goddard, who wrote as follows:

"Thursday, March 6, 1862, at 6 p.m., the new theatre was dedicated, after which a new play was performed; Eliza and Mary [his daughters] took part as French peasant girls."

In passing, it may be said that there is a similar confusion regarding the play which opened the Social Hall, in 1853. Some accounts give it as "The Lady of Lyons," others as "Pizzaro." The diary of the late James Ferguson, now in the possession of his daughter, Mrs. Mary Ferguson Keith, says that "Don Caesar d'Bazan" was the bill.

A Roll of Honor

That rare old roll of honor, made up of the names of those who took part in the first two plays at the Salt Lake Theatre, is as follows: John T. Caine, Henry Maiben, Jos. Simmons, R. H. Parker, David McKenzie, H. B. Clawson, S. D. Sirrine, R. Matthews, Henry Snell, John B. Kelly, Mrs. Woodmansee, Mrs. Margaret G. Clawson, W. C. Dunbar, H. E. Bowring, W. H. Miles, Phil Margetts, Mrs. Bowring, and Miss Maggie Thomas. They are well worth preserving in the memories of everyone interested in the history of pioneer theatricals in the state, and the story of the Salt Lake Theatre. The Maggie Thomas of those days is now

Mrs. Margaret Romney, President of the Relief Societies of Ensign stake. She is the sole survivor of that list of players. Her brother, C. J. Thomas, led the orchestra that night. He also survives, but is in quite feeble health. When the fiftieth anniversary of the opening of the house was celebrated, in 1912, both were present, as were H. B. Clawson, Phil Margetts, David McKenzie, Geo. M. Ottinger, the first scene painter, and Charles Millard, the first property man. Of the last named five, only Messrs. Ottinger and Millard are surviving.

The company played fifteen times, that month and the next, and it may be imagined reaped a golden harvest at Conference, April, 1862, when country visitors had their first opportunity to enter the new building. Operations were then suspended. The interior work was again taken up, and on Christmas eve, December 24, 1862, the house was re-opened for another big social function, Church officials and members of the Legislature, with their families, responding to the invitation of President Young. No dramatic entertainment was given that night. The Tabernacle choir sang, and addresses were delivered by President Young, John Taylor, Orson Hyde, Amasa M. Lyman, and George A. Smith, J. D. T. McAllister gave a song, and Mrs. Clara Stenhouse rendered "The Cottage by the Sea," the remainder of the evening being passed in dancing.

Next night, Christmas, 1862, there was a grand dramatic performance, at which "The Honeymoon" and "Paddy Miles' Boy" were rendered. Between the acts a patriotic poem by T. A. Lyne was recited by John R. Clawson. The editor of the *News*, Judge Elias Smith, gave the performance a front page position, and as a prelude to the program, with remarkable foresight, he said: "As a matter of local history, which may be looked for by the generation to come, as well as of interest on the stage of life, we publish the opening bill in full." Then followed the complete cast and the poem referred to.

H. B. Clawson's Surprise

Manager Clawson delighted in nothing so much as springing surprises. One of these was the announcement that T. A. Lyne, the pioneer actor in Nauvoo days, twenty years before, was in Denver, and would soon be in the midst of the Deseret players. Encouraged by President Young and Manager Clawson, Lyne came by stage from Denver, and very hearty was the greeting between him and the boy he had placed in the flies, to throw down the fire from the heavens in the Nauvoo performance. Lyne was at once engaged to coach the local players, but he was not long content to remain in that capacity. In 1863, we find him playing in rapid succession such dramas as "Damon and Pythias," "Riche-lieu," "Othello," "Richard III," "William Tell," "A New Way to

Pay Old Debts," and the always favorite "Pizzaro." He could no longer call on Brigham Young for the high priest, in the latter play, but he secured another, who later rose to a high Church position, George Teasdale. President Young's only objection to the Lyne plays was that they ran too greatly to the tragic, and he used to say that the people had known tragedy enough in their lives, and he would like the theatre offerings to run more to comedies. Under the influence of Mr. Lyne's fine renditions, however, he gradually relented, and finally came to allow his own daughter, Alice, to play Virginia, the maid who was killed by her own father, Virginius, to save her from the Roman tyrant. Alice Young later married Manager Clawson, and became the mother of the noted artist, J. W. Clawson.

The names of those with whom Mr. Lyne worked, with some others who joined the company later (in addition to the first night players already named) were as follows: James Ferguson, Bernard Snow, John S. Lindsay, John C. Graham, J. M. Hardie, Nellie Colebrook, Mrs. Gibson, Henry Maiben, J. A. Thompson, John R. Clawson, Horace K. Whitney, R. H. Parker, George M. Ottinger, C. R. Savage, Joseph Bull, D. J. McIntosh, Henry McEwan, John B. Kelly, Richard Matthews, J. E. Evans, John D. T. McAllister, and Sara Alexander. On July 25, 1865, Annie Asenath Adams made her first appearance. She and David McKenzie played the leading roles for years, and later she became famed as the mother of Maude Adams.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



SCOUTS AT A FOOTBALL GAME

On the Maple Flats, Provo, 5,000 feet above the Utah Valley.

A Junior Sub

BY JOHN HENRY EVANS

At last the jolt came.

That was at an afternoon practice game of the Seagull basket ball team, in the new gymnasium. The Hun came in late, as usual. Sidling up to Dyke, he sneered loud enough for all the fellows to hear:

"You ain't going to play, Mr. Fenton?" The thought was strongly declarative, but the tone was even more strongly interrogative.

"Looks like it, Mr. Watson!" came the answer.

"Then I don't—that's a cinch!"

And the tall center slouched to the sidelines and sulked.

"What's the matter there?" the coach demanded, for all the world as if the thing had happened now for the first time.

"Turk's going to play with us," the Hun took it upon himself to reply. "We don't want Fenton. He's not one of the bunch."

"He's one of the bunch now, Hun," the trainer answered. He spoke in quiet, emphatic tones, as his deft fingers laced the slit in the ball. "I've just made him one of the bunch. Several times lately you've threatened to quit unless you had your own way. And I've humored you like a baby, in the hopes that your meanness and injustice to Dyke would dawn on you. But it hasn't. And now I've called your bluff. I've put him on the team. What are you going to do about it?"

The Hun's answer was to shuffle off noisily into the dressing room and slam the door behind him.

Everybody looked surprised, and nobody was surprised. The ticking of the big clock above the gallery sounded out on the still air like an auctioneer's hammer when the sale goes hard and he is anxious to get away. Dyke and the coach expected the very next tick of the clock to bring about an exit of three of the fellows who were unquestionably on the Hun's side. The trio themselves were in two minds whether to follow their leader. The Turk was on the fence, after his manner—he did not know what to think. Fully nineteen ticks had counted themselves off when the voice of the coach broke the oppressive silence:

"Come here, fellows!"

And five athletes surrounded him as expeditiously as if he had pressed a button for the appearance of five sawdust athletes out of a box.

"See here!" he said, "are you for the honor of the school or not?"

He put the question first to one and then to another till he had gone the rounds. All were for the honor of the school.

"Good!" he went on. "Now, we've got some stiff games to play this season. The stiffest, as you know, is the game with the Rosehill squad. That comes just four weeks from now. And if we win that game we've got to hustle. Turk, you take the Hun's place for the present."

Turk pricked up his ears at the phrase "for the present." He said humorously, to nobody in particular, "You're right; the Hun'll be back as soon as he knows nothing's happened—if not sooner!" The others smiled significantly.

Turk's reading of the situation was as true as a gypsy fortune teller's when she has gathered all the facts beforehand. For sooner even than the Turk's imaginative mind had ventured to expect, in trotted the Hun, his face wreathed in smiles, which he was endeavoring to make appear natural. Snatching the ball from his substitute, he quickly got into place and proceeded as if nothing out of the ordinary had occurred.

"Glad you thought better of it," said the coach, offering him a pabulum. "It would be hard for us to get along without you."

"Only joshin', you know," the Hun said to the coach. But to the Indian he told a different story. "I'll get his goat yet—see if I don't!" he whispered, loud enough for Dyke, who was close by, to hear.

Dyke said nothing, but he thought, "We'll see, all right!" And he turned away on his toe from a ball which he had gracefully tossed into the iron hoop.

That evening Dyke remarked casually to his brother, "Guess I'll have to get down now and scratch gravel."

Bud, who had himself been a star on the Seagull team, asked, "You've made the team? I knew you would. Your work as sub last year merited nothing less than that. You should have been put on before. You would have but for the Hun and his stupid prejudice. I've always said it's a mistake to have four seniors and only one from another class on a team."

"Or four juniors and one from any other class," Dyke interjected.

"Yes," Bud admitted. And then, "They'll make it hot for you now."

"The Hun threatened to do it," Dyke confirmed. And he told Bud of the whole episode at the gymnasium.

"How do the other fellows act? It all depends on how they treat you."

"They stick to the Hun like burs, and you can't pull 'em off."

The wonder is that they didn't strike when he did. But I guess the fun and honor of it all overcame their loyalty to him."

"Or else they knew he'd come back," Bud put in. "Did you tell the coach what Dad said?"

"No; that would only make matters worse. It would look like I was trying to force his hand."

"That's so," his brother admitted. "All the same, Dad's right—you ought to get out of it altogether or get in and do something."

"That's what I'm going to do—or die trying!" Dyke said, positively.

"Sure!" And I'll help you."

The young athlete looked at his brother curiously.

Bud explained, "You've got to take extra training with Brunt. He'll make your flesh like iron and give you the endurance of a Chinese coolie. And I'll foot the bill."

"Thanks, Bud. You're a brick!"

Brunt was an ex-pugilist, with a punch that had been famous in its time. He gave lessons in boxing and wrestling, and was much in requisition as an umpire in the ring, and in such emergencies as the present.

During the next few weeks, therefore, till the end of the basket ball season, Dyke underwent the severest training and self-discipline. He was thus reaping the triple advantage of relieving the already overworked coach, of getting himself in splendid trim for the games, and of experiencing the always exquisite sensation of being about to spring a surprise. He trained every day with Brunt as well as with the coach of the Seagulls. He dieted carefully. No matter what the temptation, he ate and drank nothing that would prevent him from attaining the highest efficiency of which he was capable. He kept regular hours. Nine o'clock saw him in bed, except, of course, when he had a game. You couldn't drag him to a party with a cart rope, and no amount of whistling in certain ways outside the house could ever induce him to show his face there. In this manner his will was iron. And he kept up in all his studies, too, for the rules of the school and of the league were very strict in this respect. Clearly, Dyke was out after bear.

Twelve o'clock on the night of the first game with the Rose-hills found Dyke Fenton softly pillowed and cushioned in a big chair and ample bandages, where he was likely to stay till morning, if not longer.

"Would you believe it, Bud," he said, from out the chair and bandages, "but I didn't know I was hurt till I got nearly home! And then—oh!"

"I know," Bud sympathized; "I've been there."

"How long did I stay on my back that last time?"

"I was too scared to ask. I thought once it was all up with you."

"Gee, but I'm happy!" Dyke silently enjoyed his happiness, and Bud silently contemplated that happiness. "That old skate that guarded me," Dyke added, presently, "ought to be in football instead of basket ball. He rolls himself up in a wad and then asks somebody to throw him at you! It's like dodging a cannon ball."

"It was some game, all right!" Bud commented. "And we won!"

"I'd rather have won that game than the pennant."

"So'd I. But the next game will be harder still, and on their own floor, too. We've just got to win!"

"The fellows'll have to cut out their politics, though, or else we won't," Dyke commented. "Did you see how hard they tried to freeze me out of the game? They just wouldn't throw me the ball till they had to."

"Rotten!" cried Bud, "rotten!"

"Anyone else notice it?"

"Everybody talked about it where I was. It'd have gone hard with the Hun if we'd lost it—which we nearly did; for they blamed the Hun. He'd have been mobbed, I really believe."

"Once when I was right under the basket," Dyke went on, "and all alone, he passed the ball to the Indian, who wasn't anywhere near."

"Rotten! rotten!" Bud repeated.

"My, but the coach was hot. He roasted the Hun to a finish. Said if he did it again he'd send him out of the game on the spot. After that it wasn't so bad. Say, did you see that strange guy come up to me after the game and grab my hand?"

"That was Holt, an old star."

"Well, all he said was, 'I used to play for S!' but he couldn't have said anything that would make me feel better. I could have swum in the air!"

The papers next morning praised Dyke's work almost extravagantly. He was the star, one said. Another declared that but for his field throws the game would have gone to the Rose-hills. And a third spoke of Dyke's having to fight against great odds from his own team, and predicted great things for him when those odds were removed.

"That'll be gall and wormwood for the Hun!" Dyke observed when these eulogies were read to him.

"Serves him right—the skunk!" echoed the resentful Bud.

"Gee, but I'm happy!" came from the pillows again.

The coolness with which Dyke was met by his fellow-players the next practice was increased, even if it was compensated for, by the unalloyed enthusiasm with which he had been greeted by

the school after the game. For the first time in three seasons the Hun had a fellow idol with the student body. Still there was a strong feeling against him on account of what he had done in the game with the Rosehills, even among his own personal friends. As for Dyke's followers, their open contempt for the Hun's tactics was like a fang sunk deep in the enemy's flesh. Their hopes and fears for their hero, however, flew apart. They doubted whether his slender, though wiry, frame could hold out. None of them knew of the ex-pugilist's work in flesh-toning. But they trusted that the spectacular plays of the last game were not the result of mere accident.

And so there gradually sprang up in the large student body a feeling that more or less consciously looked forward to the outcome of this personal contest. Except only in the games with the Rosehills, their ancient enemy, interest thereatened to transfer itself from the game to the battle between Dyke and the Hun. But if they expected to see any visible evidences of the conflict, they were predestined to disappointment. For, although the Hun might be jealous and spiteful, he was not altogether a fool. Very early indeed he had discovered to be a huge blunder what he might have known as such beforehand. The towering indignation of the coach alone would have served to call him back to his senses. But it was left to the students to administer the extreme penalty. And this sentiment was shown, for the most part, in tumultuous ridicule and sarcasm. His mortification was keen. Whatever embarrassments, therefore, Dyke might have to endure from his comrades of the ball, the Hun would see to it that they were of a sort that the school could not easily detect.

"Wonder what the next move is?" Bud asked, when his brother told him of the coolness of the team.

"That's what I've been wondering, too," Dyke confessed. "I'm sure they've got something up their sleeve."

"What do they call you now?" asked Bud.

"Same's ever—Mr. Fenton!"

This was an allusion to the pet names by which the boys of the team called one another. From time out of mind the Seagull fellows had gone as foreigners—all except Dyke. The invidious distinction was made only in his case. There were the Hungarian, the Indian, the Swede, the Jew, and the Turk. The Turk, a sophomore, was a sub. Dyke should have been named the Dane last year, and Ireland as soon this year as he had made the team. But he had not been. The fellows had studiously avoided giving him either of these distinguished titles, although the new sub who took Dyke's place had been instantly dubbed the Dane, as if to emphasize Dyke's outlawry. And all this, though he had said nothing to any one but his brother, sat like lead on his heart.

It may not be generally known, but it is nevertheless a fact,

that in basket ball there is such a thing as a "beef." Now, a beef, like a chameleon, has the peculiar property of changing its color under varying circumstances. An error is an error, but a beef, well—! From now on Mr. Fenton was forever making beefs! That the Seagulls won any games at all was in spite of Fenton's beefs, the fellows said. The wonder is that any game was won by the team. In the dressing room, coming out of the dressing room, going into the dressing room—everywhere, in fact, except on the floor itself, Dyke was bawled out good and plenty, as he told Bud. Only when Dyke supplanted the Hun in throwing the fouls did this species of persecution cease.

That event took place in the third game with the Rosehills. The second game the enemy had won—because it was played on their own floor, of course. The Rosehills were silly enough to believe that their wad that had itself thrown at its guard had something to do with the victory! The game went to them, anyhow, and a third game had to be played on a neutral floor. It was in this latter contest, when the odds were fast going in favor of the Rosehills, that Dyke was told to throw all the fouls for the Seagulls. He did beautiful work in this capacity also. Out of seventeen throws he made sixteen baskets. And won the final margin for the Seagulls.

But he had never said anything about their treatment of him—except of course to Bud. It would have done no good. Maybe it would have done harm. And it was so hard—harder than any other self-discipline he had made himself undergo. But he held out.

Still this was healing balm compared with what there was in store for him. For the boys now prosecuted a systematic freeze-out. They carefully avoided him. None of them would speak to him unless he had to. He dressed in the same place, but they moved camp. And they talked about him. He could hear them all the time. Shafts of ridicule, poisoned arrows, reached him through the door, through the transom, between crevices. They hurt, but provoked no sign of the hurt. Only on the floor was there any comradery—and that was false. Always, everywhere else, there were two groups of Seagulls—one of six and one of one! Wherever the team went it was the same. Occasionally the Dane showed signs of a thaw, but presently a Hungarian northeaster blew on him, and the frost set in heavier than before. Once when the team went to Clearstream to play, Dyke, getting on the train last, took his seat with the bunch. One by one the rest got up and found another place. After that he always got on the train first. This cold snap continued till the team went to the tournament at Landsdown.

On that occasion Dyke entered the train first, as usual. And the team as usual filed past him in answer to the boisterous "Come

on, fellows!" of the Hun. Evidently, however, there was some little dissension in camp, for Dyke could hear suppressed argument. He divined that it had some relation to him. Nor was his conjecture wrong. The Dane and the Jew pretty soon came back to where he sat and plumped themselves down in front of him. The Dane said:

"We're going to stop handing it out to you!"

"I'm mighty glad of that!" Dyke confessed. "It's been blamed lonesome, I c'n tell you."

Before the train pulled into the station the Swede joined the group.

"Three Hungarians!" he drawled, significantly.

"And four Irelands!" added the Dane. "We've christened Dyke Ireland."

"Hurrah for Ireland!" approved the Swede.

And the four shook hands solemnly.

In previous games Dyke had proved his skill in throwing baskets and fouls. It remained to see whether he would have the endurance of the other members of the team.

The Seagulls belonged to two leagues. In order, therefore, to win the pennants of both leagues, they would be required to play nine games hand-running. One pennant they had already won when they came to the tournament, playing six games in as many successive evenings. And some of the boys were beginning to show signs of fatigue. Would the Seagulls be able to hold out in the contest? The Overton boys, the only real rivals of the Seagulls, were counting on their giving out, and in this opinion a good many people shared.

It was in the games of this tournament, therefore, that the enduring qualities of Dyke's nature and training were tested. And splendidly they bore the test! For, whereas all the other boys in his team were obviously glad when the referee's whistle blew for a momentary rest or for the end of the first or the second half, and trotted with tired joy into the dressing room, Dyke remained on his feet, playing with the ball the entire time of rest or of interval. When the others were dripping with perspiration, there was not a wet hair to be found on his body. Each game he ended as fresh as when he began it. His endurance was the standing marvel of the tournament.

It surprised no one when the Overton team captured the pennant.

On the way home the Indian forsook the ranks of the Hun. The staying qualities of the enemy proved the last straw with him. "How the dickens did you do it, Dyke?" he asked.

Dyke told him of the ex-pugilist.

Presently the Turk joined the enlarging group. The Hun held out to the last. So it came about that on most of the home-

ward journey the tables were completely turned. There were still two groups, but the Hun comprised the lone Hungarian.

The school took a half holiday in honor of the pennant of the first league, and the victory over the Rosehills. A mass meeting of the students was held, where blankets and sweaters and the official "S" were given. The cheering, and the shouting, and the calls showed clearly a total eclipse of the Hun. The star of Ireland shone in the sky of Seagulldom big and resplendent. Down the main street, in the historic snake dance, all the boys of the school marched, the triumphant Dyke on the shoulders of two huskies.

After it was all over, the subdued Hun came to his rival. "Say, Dyke," he confessed, "I ain't treated you white this year, and I want to apologize. I've treated you like dirt. You're a better man than me."

"I don't know about that," said Dyke, magnanimously. "I'm afraid if I had treated you the way you've treated me, I wouldn't be man enough to say what you've just said!"

Lines on the Death of a Young Mother in Israel

(For her own grey-haired mother)

The Friend Offering Consolation

"There is one more to meet in heaven,
And one less to leave behind.
God has taken what he had given,
And the giving and taking—were kind.
He would turn our eyes from the earthly
To the new lode-star in the sky,
For she trod the path that he had trod,
When she laid her down to die.

"From the thorns in the path of duty,
From the tears by the bed of pain—"

The Mother, Interrupting

"In her youth, and goodness, and beauty—"
"God has taken her home again."

The Mother and the Friend in Unison

"Not yet do we know Him as we are known
But we—brokenly suffer—and trust,
And pray that our stricken souls have grown,
Though our hearts are bruised and crushed."

The Mother

"Tomorrow, and tomorrow,
And our Vision of Life will change,
And our eyes, now blind with sorrow,
Will lift to a wider range.

O, I know that our darling who walked with us
On earth, now walks with God,
But oftenest now, with my face in the dust,
I see her under the sod."
The wintry winds blow bitter-cold,
And her grave is white with snow—"

The Friend

"But the waxen temple that held her soul
Sleeps sweet and serene below.
Who would call her back to her suffering,
Or who her staying seek?"

The Mother, with Clasped Hands and Streaming Eyes

"Father, our spirits are willing to give,
But the flesh—agonizingly weak!"

The Mother

"The Love with Faith has its struggle,
And selfishness wars with consent.
The desire to keep God's Gift for myself,
With the courage to yield her was blent,
I had suffered so, Lord, for my darling,
I had bought my Gift with a price,
She stood at the threshold, and I at the end—
O, would not my own life suffice?"

The Voice of the Spirit, Tenderly Reproachful

"The mystery and the majesty
Of Life and Death, she's probed.
With the Gods' Best Gifts to woman
She had been crowned and robed."

The Mother, in Faith and Patience

"O, I know that the spring with its blossoming
Will rise from the ice-blocked earth,
And the budding leaves their symbols bring
Of her glorious Second Birth."

Mother and Friend in Unison.

"And so, tomorrow, and tomorrow,
And the years will roll away.
Soon the Pale Messenger bids us go,
Or longer bids us stay—
But be sure, 'tis only a veil between
The quickened and the dead;
So, we stoop to conquer, as Jesus did,
And suffer ourselves to be led."

SARAH E. HAWLEY PEARSON

Told About Alfred Lambourne

BY EDWARD H. ANDERSON

Among his intimate friends the poet-artist, Alfred Lambourne, is known as the Cheerful Pessimist. Here are a few good stories concerning him. He himself has told them to his friends, and friends have told them to others, hence, the writer does not hesitate to run chances in repeating them for the benefit of those who for years have read Mr. Lambourne's verse and prose in the pages of the IMPROVEMENT ERA:

"The other day," said the poet, "I heard an insistent knocking at my study door. On turning the knob, the wind blew into the room a lot of dust in which was mixed a big collector. Of course, he was welcome; collectors always are. He was told to enter, to take a seat, to make himself at home and admire the scenery. However, he received an object lesson, and learned a solemn truth: 'Dust can always settle down, but poets cannot always settle up.'"

Apropos of the financial troubles of poets and artists, here is a tale worth telling: The poet met one day with the artist, the late John Hafen. Under the arm of the former was a roll of manuscript, and under that of the latter a just-completed sketch. "I am the most miserable man on the earth," said the artist. "That is impossible," said the poet. "And why?" queried the artist. "Because *I* am the most miserable man on the earth," replied the poet. And then the friends understood, and parted, laughing.

They met on another day, upon almost the same spot, and in a burst of confidence, the artist asked of the poet, "Can you manage to pay your debts?" The poet thought that silence was golden. "I have made it a matter of prayer," continued the artist. "I explained to the Lord that I could not pay my debts. I told him that for sure I had tried, but could not find the way." "And," concluded the artist, becoming more confidential still—"I told the Lord that that was not the worst, I asked that he send me a change of heart as well as the money, for I was becoming so that I did not care very much whether I paid my debts or no." The poet realized that this was a serious case, and again the friends parted, this time to meet no more.

Mr. Lambourne is vain of his native land—Shakespeare, and

that sort of thing, you know. But recently his vanity received a jolt. He was accosted on the *Deseret News* corner by an individual who asked for the price of a meal. As the applicant's breath gave strong evidence that he had been recently drinking liquor, he was refused. But the beggar had a sort of revenge: "Vell," he said, "I was sorry dat you give me noting; I had tought sure you give me someting; ven I see you coming, I tink you vas a Svede."

Here is an excellent one: One day the poet stood on a bank corner in a pensive mood. It was the day before Christmas. Perhaps something of his pensive mood was shown in his attitude, perhaps he was cold, or perhaps his coat needed dusting. His hand was slightly extended. A dear old soul—near-sighted, he says—was passing by. Suddenly she appeared to be seized with a charitable thought befitting the holiday season. She approached him and, with a sweet smile of Christian pity, placed a dime in the extended hand. "I could not help it," says Mr. Lambourne, "I would not for the world have deprived that good, kind old creature of her new-found joy. I hope that my voice was sufficiently thankful, and that it quavered rightly as I received the gift with a low-spoken, 'God bless you.' That dime is now fastened upon a card, and the card is framed, and it bears the inscription, 'It is more blessed to give than it is to receive.'"

The following anecdote is in somewhat the same vein: Recently the poet visited the County Infirmary. It was on a Sunday, and a service, by kindly and thoughtful volunteers, was being held in the chapel room. The interested poet walked several times along the corridor and passed the open chapel door. A most charming and zealous young lady, who was assisting in the service, came out and accosted him thus: "Why don't you step in? We have come here to help make you happy, if we can. I am sure you will feel at home. Won't you come in and help us sing, 'Jesus Loves Me?'" Remember that if you seem to have no other friends, you are not forgotten by the Savior." "I was a little surprised, a little startled," said Mr. Lambourne, "but it was all right. Why undeceive her, why tell her that I was not an inmate? It did apply to me." It was good to know that there was a place where one could feel at home, and that a poet could be sure there was One by whom he was not forgotten. "A touch of Nature makes the world akin."



*"Scenes that we see with the clearness of youth
Some day we'll review with our glasses"*

The King of the Kodak Brigade



The King

I am the King of the Kodak Brigade;
My army is ten million strong;
We carry no guns, nor pistols, nor swords,
When we go a-marching along;
We go with a smile, for the earth is our own—
And is pleasant as true hearts can make it;
And if some bright spot seems worthy to us,
There'll be none to oppose when we take it.

Most of the soldiers have kodaks all set—
A corps in each land can be found;
They're dashing young men, and fair, winsome maids—
You'll meet them the big world around.
Their munitions of war they carry on spools,
And the brand is N. C. altogether,
For those films are sure—they never miss fire,
In rainy or in sunshiny weather.

Glories of youth with their tinsel and gold
Evanish with oncoming years,
And the dreams that we dream just dreams may remain,
In spite of our labor and tears.
I'll lead out my army, some ten million strong,
And we'll catch the old world as she passes;
And scenes we behold with the clearness of youth,
Some day we'll review with our glasses.

While we are young we'll imprison the earth,
Its flowers, its grasses, and dews;
We'll get the old home and the garden and well,
And the orchard with its many hues;
We'll keep the old folk as we love them today,
Ere their youth and their roses can fade,
Then we'll laugh at old Time, we'll baffle him quite,
We are Scouts of the Kodak Brigade!

H. R. MERRILL



"That mischievous smile."

Canada at War

BY FRANK C. STEELE

"Goodby, Dad! goodby, Mother! So long, Sis! Be sure and write. I'll send you the first German flag I capture. Goodby, everybody! Come on, fellows. Let's have 'Tipperary.'"

And as the troop train pulled out of the little red station, and crept faster and faster eastward over the frozen prairie, the strains of that catchy marching song of Tommy Atkins, were borne to the ears of the group on the platform.

"Poor Jack! He's got a heart of steel. Cheer up, Mother. Somebody must part with their sons, and we're no better than any one else. Besides the lad comes from good old fighting stock. His grandfather died at Sebastopol, and his old dad went through the Mutiny. God bless the boy! He'll come out all right, Mother."

But Mother did not see things like Father. Great tears streamed down her burning cheeks. Longingly, she gazed after the fast disappearing train, that carried her only son, the pride and joy of her life, to the training camp at Valcartier, then, then—to the front.

This phrase may now be heard in every nook and corner of Canada. It seems to have some magic charm. From Halifax to Vancouver people are talking about "the front." Everyone you meet, whether in a fashionable Montreal hotel, at a Toronto hockey match, or on the prairies of the West, has a brother or a cousin or an uncle at the front. He is not at all backward about informing you of the fact, either. Even the Winnipeg waitresses look grieved if you don't care to discuss the latest letter from "her friend" who is with the army in Europe. Newsboys take great delight in describing the exploits of "Brother Fred at the front," their sturdy chests expanding to the bursting point. It doesn't matter so much whether Brother Fred is at Salisbury Plains, or Valcartier, or any other concentration point. He is invariably—at the front.

War is a new business for Johnny Canuck. But he has taken it up with his characteristic zeal and dogged determination to win. Johnny's jaw is set just as firmly as is Dad's, away across the sea, and he is going to fight—yes, fight and die, if needs be—for "Canada and Old England." Johnny is thrilled in every bone and muscle and sinew of his virile body. He has blood in his eye.

Canadians are aroused. Again, but with a fierceness a hun-

dred-fold more intense, may be seen that swaying devotion to the Empire, that prompted the sons of the Dominion to answer the call of the imperial government in the Boer war, and inspired them to willingly lay down their lives on the silent veldts of that far-off land.

The recruiting offices are crowded. The ease with which the first and second contingents were recruited, was most gratifying. But the response to the third call for men is nothing short of remarkable. Men of all classes are joining the colors. In this respect, the present war is in a distinct class. Lawyers, doctors, merchants, bankers, clerks, mechanics, farmers and day laborers, swarm and jostle about the stations, waiting their turn. Especially is this true in the cities. Often a figure of national repute is seen



ARRIVAL OF WESTERN CONTINGENT
Valcartier Camp, Canada

chatting familiarly with Mike or Jack or Bill, who ordinarily are pick and shovel artists.

Men in khaki are seen everywhere. Civilians give them the road, and pretty girls cast admiring glances at the keen eyes, the broad shoulders and easy carriage. Occasionally, a group of Highlanders pass by, their brawny knees peeping out from beneath their beloved kilts. Over yonder, reading the latest war bulletins, are two privates from a western regiment. One, a strapping fellow of six feet if he is an inch, was fed in his youth on corn bread and home-cured bacon. He originally hailed from Iowa. This possibly accounts for his fine physique. He now has become a thorough Canadian, and owns a splendid ranch in Alberta. When the war broke out, he was among the first to enlist. His companion's old home was undeniably in Old London, as betrayed in his inimitable "cockney" speech, which savored plainly of Piccadilly and the Strand. On investigation we discovered this to be true, and that he had been a trusted employee of

the American for the past four years. A Belgian stands near them, anxiously waiting news from his distressed fatherland. We sympathize with him and shake our fist. And Leo understands, and a light kindles in his eye.

Bands are playing martial airs. People are singing them. "Tipperary" is by far the biggest favorite. It has taken sleepy



FIFTH ROYAL HIGHLANDERS DETRAINING
Valcartier Camp, Canada

French Canadian villages by storm. One enterprising biscuit manufacturer in the east has called a new line of crackers "Tipperary." And now thousands are daily eating the "Biscuits of the Bull Dog Breed." The schools are no exception to the rule. The military spirit has seized teacher and student alike, and there is scarcely a reputable university, college or high school in the country, that is not vigorously pushing military drill and rifle practice.

While Canada will be expected to furnish her quota of men to keep the lines intact, an even greater duty is bearing down upon her. She must feed the Mother Country. And Canada feels this mighty responsibility. "Patriotism and Production" has become a national slogan. The farmer who is preparing to sow two acres where he formerly sowed one, is looked upon by the leaders of public life as equally as true a patriot as the man who fights in the trenches. Tommy Atkins and his allies must have full stomachs or they cannot fight. Canada must supply much of their bread and meat. And if the elements are favorable she will do it. The government is prosecuting a vigorous campaign in favor of increased production, and in the drouth-stricken areas of the West, they are even distributing seed grain.

Canada is preparing for a long war. Ten or twenty contingents may be called for by the imperial government, and if such is the case, ten or twenty will answer the call. General Sam Hughes, Canada's fighting war minister, recently toured the prairie provinces, inspecting the western units. Everywhere he was greeted with tremendous enthusiasm. All classes and all nationalities took part in the ovations. At Lethbridge a veteran of the Civil War, Colonel Page, of Minneapolis, proposed the toast to the war minister. The warm reception accorded General Hughes is a safe index to the sentiments of the West, and if it is true in the West, where so many are only now undergoing the process of adoption, how intense must that loyalty be in the eastern provinces!

That the fire of patriotism has been truly lighted is evidenced in the wonderful outburst of poetry inspired by the war. Poets have been born in a night. And alas! many have died in a day. Some real poetry, however, has been written by our Canadian writers, in which fire and vigor, so essential to good war poetry, are not lacking. The national magazines capture most of the real,



CLEANING THE DINNER DISHES

Valcartier Camp, Canada

live matter, and it falls to the unhappy lot of the innocent editors of the great city dailies to wade through the voluminous productions of budding poets in every village and hamlet in the Dominion. For every village and hamlet has a poet, and they are all wasting precious oil and energy writing war songs. Imagine, if you can, and you cannot unless you have experienced it yourself, the tragedy in a curt note, neatly printed in black type that burn like acid, telling a meek but faithful follower of the sacred Muse, that his work is "very creditable but cannot be accepted at the present time." The reason? The poor poet looks everywhere but the right place for the reason. War poetry is unmaking more patriots in Canada than any other one thing.

While Canada is true and devoted to the Empire, and is resolved to see the business through successfully, her people are not slow in wishing for a speedy restoration of peace. War, with its untold horrors, finds no support in the innermost recesses of the Canadian heart. Canadians have imbibed the spirit of the New World, which is a spirit diametrically opposed to war and the makers of war.

Let peace be soon established, but only when Right and Justice are vindicated. This, we believe, is the earnest desire of the Canadian people. They face the crisis with confidence of ultimate victory, trusting steadfastly in that ever-ruling Father, who has piloted the nations through many perilous seas to what has eventually proved a haven, in which a greater measure of liberty and toleration is enjoyed.

RAYMOND, CANADA



COL. THE HON. SAMUEL HUGHES

Origin of the Brown South Pacific Islander

BY JOHN Q. ADAMS

In Two Parts—Part II

[The author is thirty-three years of age, and spent forty-two months, beginning in 1907, as a missionary on the South Pacific islands, principally in Samoa. He was educated in the state schools and in the University of Utah, in which latter institution he studied for two years. As branch and mission secretary, conference president, general supervisor of the Mapusaga school, the largest Latter-day Saint institution of learning in the islands, and as director of a 360-acre cocoanut plantation, he had ample opportunities to get a varied experience, and to learn the ins and outs of native life. Shooting the breakers surrounding the islands, in row boats; raising cocoanuts, rounding up Church cattle in the forests, and swinging pick and shovel in building heavy-grade roads, were divisions of his ticklish tasks and strenuous labor in his Samoan career, in addition to teaching the gospel to the natives. He is a ready writer, an extensive reader, a careful observer and thinker, and is, therefore, well prepared to discuss the question under consideration as well as any subject relating to the islands.—EDITORS.]

In the preceding article we rested our case of establishing the identity of the brown islander of the South Pacific with the simple narration of a series of facts which tended to show that the inhab-



THE MAORI AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE MILITARY BAND

Which made an extensive tour of the dominion during December, 1914, and January, 1915. (See note at end of article.)

itants of various groups of islands of that quarter of the globe undoubtedly originated on the American continent, at the time the Nephites and Lamanites were alternately at the helm of history. This one fact is quite sufficient to connect them up with an Israelitish origin, for no doubt exists as to the identity of the offspring

of Father Lehi. The declaration, then, of "Indian Islander," must be fortified with an array of all available facts to stand. Bearing in mind Hagoth and his very plausible sea-faring link of evidence, let us proceed to reinforce our premise:

First, there looms up the confronting task of establishing the common origin of the language in which the various groups of brown islanders converse. With a map before us, beginning at the Hawaiian, or Sandwich Islands, let us trace a line to Tahiti, two thousand miles distant. From there, extend the course to Samoa, a direct jump of one thousand miles more, and a little further on, in a southerly sweep of some three hundred miles, take in the Tongan group. From there strike out direct for New Zealand, the land of the Maori, distant one thousand five hundred miles, and as the great enclosing bar of this immense geographical pasture wherein browses some of Israel's choicest blood-line, mark the three thousand mile line back to Honolulu from Auckland. These five groups comprise the more important aggregations of differing languages, although within the circumscribing irregular line are here and there island dots on which cling brown peoples of still different tongues. No one language is intelligible



HAWAIIAN GIRL OF
INDIAN FEATURES

to any other group, and yet let us here and now strike directly at the heart of the question by making the broad assertion that all have developed from one parent root, assuming the aspects and proportions of separate and distinct languages, because of no written record having been perpetuated, which inevitably means changing to an entirely new form.

Below, at a glance, may be noted the strong analogy which the five named island nations bear to each other in the way of speech. But a few widely varying words were selected at random from a list which could be multiplied vastly. Without further comment, it speaks for itself, the only difference being in a letter or so:



MAORI GIRL WHO MIGHT
NATURALLY IMPERSON-
ATE POCAHONTAS

ENGLISH	<i>God</i>	<i>the</i>	<i>us</i>	<i>man</i>	<i>thing</i>	<i>his</i>
HAWAIIAN	Akua	ke	makou	kanaka	mea	kana
SAMOAN	Atua	le	matou	tagata	mea	lana
TONGAN	Otua	he	oku	tagata	me'a	hono
MAORI	Atua	te	matou	tangata	mea	tona
TAHITIAN	Atua	te	matou	ta'ata	mea	ona

Tahiti and Samoa in particular have both unconsciously gone far towards specifying the direction whence came the first man to their shores when they say that the first landing was to the east of the group from the way the sun first appears. In Samoa, according to tradition of the dim and misty bygone ages, Manua, the eastern island of the group, first saw the advent of man. Is it an unimportant incident, unworthy of credence, that the islander, in his only method of transferring the records of the past, unwittingly gives a Jewish boost to his ancestry when he says that from the direction of the Americas came his forbears? Verily, tradition must be accorded a place.

It might be well now to point out the fallacy of holding to the untenable theory that brown and black are akin, as met up with in the South Seas, this idea being prevalent among some ethnologists. Often has the writer beheld the wiry, ebony-hued Solomon Islanders, as they busied themselves in some of the extensive German cocoanut plantations of German Samoa, or as they appeared in their diminutive domiciles. In fact, close observation of their every characteristic, as revealed in act, physique or ideal, fails to promote them into the class of their brown contemporaries. Inferior in every way, that inferiority can be best emphasized by taking them in their native haunts a few hundred miles from Australia. As yet a century of Christianity has failed, *utterly failed*, to even eradicate their racial propensity for cannibalistic rites. Only five years since, while the writer was treading in absolute security the isles of the brown Samoan, a couple of less fortunate representatives of another denomination met a horrible end in the Solomons, to the southwest, their bones, picked clean, telling vividly of their fate. Not this case alone, but others, unite in overwhelmingly controverting any theory of close relationship with a more light and enlightened division of the human race.

In bright contrast we shall quite appropriately make much of the fact right here that Christianity has had a far easier field in brown than in black spheres. In all the 33,000 inhabitants of Samoa, for example, an atheist or even a person tending that way, has yet to be encountered at the present time, and this despite the fact that just one generation back they were as foreign to Christianity as could well be, its advent occurring in the year 1830. Within the short span of eighty-four years since, the light of truth has penetrated every soul, and we have there what no white

country of culture and centuries of gospel contact can ever lay claim to throughout all time—a nation without a disbeliever in God. Wonderful, isn't it? And yet account for it in any other way than that they have heard the "old, old story, ever new," known once to their forefathers, which has now succeeded in striking a responsive chord, long in disuse. This one fact is of tremendous weight in giving them a place in Israel's royal blood-line.

A striking picture is it to behold one of nature's freaks in the form of a brown man made white—the *tetea* of the Samoan and the *albino* of the Indian. There are several such in that group, and classic, indeed, does the profile become when the miraculous of nature steps in and covers an otherwise native body with dazzling white skin with accompanying light eyes and hair. In such cases the tendency is towards a distinct type, not of the slant-eyed Mongolian, nor the slant-headed Ethiopian, but towards the classic in physiognomy. Forceful and convincing is such a transformation, and the observer can read for himself therein the history of a preceding age as it is there depicted in startling simplicity.

Of the Hebrew race it can be said that their racial characteristics and customs have remained as firmly stamped upon each generation as upon its predecessor, reaching thus into the bygone ages when they played a more major part in world affairs. Take the rite of circumcision for an example, and a Hebrew of today, tomorrow or yesterday would be found designating his nationality in the undeviating performance of it. In adhering closely to this practice the islander unknowingly betrays himself racially. Where else could he or did he inherit the idea of circumcision?

To revert once more to the close relationship of the brown races of the seas with those of the continent, we may take either in their council house or lodge and find their course there duplicated in the council circle of the other. We are familiar with the trait of character invariably exhibited by the Indian in the tribal councils of the past. Cooper, in his delightful and accurate vol-



SAMOAN GIRL

Who unconsciously portrays the direct relationship with her Indian sister of this hemisphere.

umes on aboriginal life in America a century and a half ago, lays much stress upon the peculiar, almost weird form of eloquence that apparently was the birthright of the Redman. In his councils, deliberate and crafty as exigencies demanded, he could arise in his turn in the wild, flickering, ember-glow of the lodge-fire and, with glittering eye and forceful gesture, coupled with biting, straight-to-the-point phraseology, sway his silent, attentive hearers with the magic of his eloquence. Civilization, with all its polished oratory, fails to equal the sort of outbursts above referred to. The writer has sat in the councils of the islander when it became a difficult matter to force upon the mind the conviction that he was not back in some Delaware or Mingo wickiup in the heyday of Cooper's depicting. Such stinging and comprehensive words of sarcasm and warning, of rebuke and reproof, of admonition and pleading, could never find expression in the vocabulary of the most fervid white orator. And so again we say that the two brown branches are of the same family tree.

In a limited way mention might be made in passing of the curious customs of decorating the body, both by intricate tattooing and adornments of varying sorts, of dancing and drinking, image-worshipping, etc., which each has preserved, but these are of minor importance, and their value is rather incidentally corroborative than otherwise, as other races do likewise.

In conclusion, we shall deal with the question that might arise regarding just how this brown type of Israel spread through such an extensive area of the South Pacific. Bear in mind, to begin with, the part played by winds and ocean currents when navigation ways are crude, and then let us pay the island of Upolu (Samoa) a flying visit. There, just on the outskirts of Apia, its chief seaport, is an aboriginal curio that commands instant attention, and serves us a useful purpose at this particular stage of our discussion. A sheltering roof covers it in its now obsolete station on the beach, where it is to be preserved by the government. It is nothing more nor less than a huge war canoe of olden type, in which past generations sailed forth to battle in primitive naval encounter with like adversaries. Massive it is, for the time and method of construction, and valuable is its tale spoken out from the numerous engravings on its surface. Of perhaps eighty feet in length and ten feet in width, and of sufficient hold capacity to admit of a person standing upright beneath its rude deck, it consists of two such canoes fastened together securely, each of the dimensions given above. It is or was a craft that could scarcely capsize nor sink, and on which perhaps 200 dusky warriors could find quarters. The timbers were doubtless shaped by aid of the prevalent stone ax of the time, and while rude, are perfectly joined together throughout, forming a hull as thoroughly impervious to water as the modern steel ribbed and plated ship. With sail

set and manned by swarthy warriors, it must have presented an extremely picturesque appearance, albeit a formidable one for its time and place. The Maoris and other groups also had them. On such a craft the bosom of the naturally restful Pacific Ocean would have afforded at least equal security to the pigmy caravels of an adventurous Columbus on a more restive Atlantic. And so we account for the planting of humanity on different island groups, not knowing which particular group first saw it.

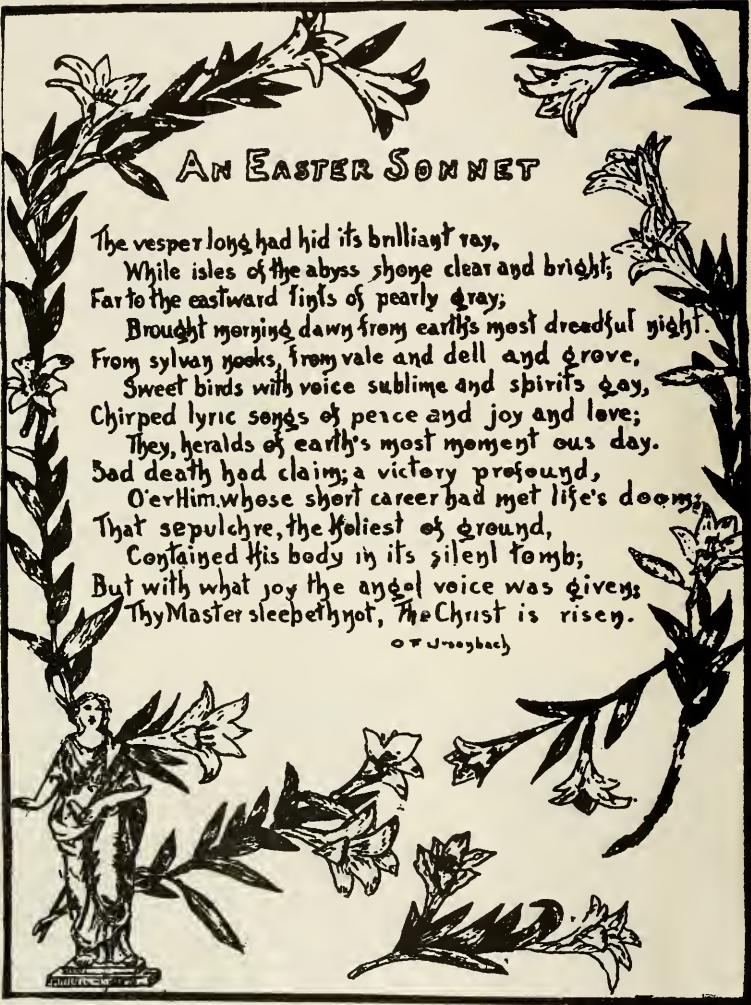
In the face of all this, are we not justified in ascribing to the brown islander of the south seas the distinction of having for a parent root, Father Lehi of Jerusalem?

RIVERSIDE, UTAH

[NOTE: The tour of the military band was arranged with a three-fold idea, namely, that we might attend two Church conferences, one in Thames, and the other in Bay of Islands; to aid, if possible, in the great movement to alleviate the sufferings of the unfortunate Belgians; and lastly, to allow our boys to show their folks at home just what they were accomplishing. The tour was very successful and enjoyable to the members of the company, and to those who were visited. As in most other things attempted by our unpopular people, we were at times heavily opposed by the sectarian ministry, but such happenings only added spice to our trip and conduced to better work. We enjoyed good health during the tour, and with the help of the Lord we opened up the path for a great labor among the Maoris and Europeans. Brother Walter Smith, who had developed the band from practically raw material with one season's labor, is deserving of great credit. Prayer and push can accomplish wonders when directed by a competent man."—S. J. OTTLEY, Hastings, New Zealand.]



ST. JOSEPH, ARIZONA, M. I. A. LEADERSHIP CLASS



AN EASTER SONNET

The vesper long had hid its brilliant ray,
While isles of the abyss shone clear and bright;
Far to the eastward tints of pearly gray;
Brought morning dawn from earth's most dreadful night.
From sylvan nooks, from vale and dell and grove,
Sweet birds with voice sublime and spirits gay,
Chirped lyric songs of peace and joy and love;
They, heralds of earth's most momentous day.
Sad death had claim; a victory profound,
O'er Him, whose short career had met life's doom;
That sepulchre, the holiest of ground,
Contained His body in its silent tomb;
But with what joy the angel voice was given;
Thy Master sleepeth not, The Christ is risen.

OF UNREBORN

General Von Hindenburg and Grand Duke Nicholas

BY DR. JOSEPH M. TANNER

Up to the present time in the great European conflict no single general of the war has stood forth more prominently in public attention than General von Hindenburg, the so-called "old man of the lakes." The story of his recent drive in eastern Prussia, and his defeats of Rennenkampff, in the battle of Tannenberg, have won the admiration of all disinterested onlookers.

In a general way it should be understood that the last thirty years of preparation by the Germans have given them in the eastern battlefield a tremendous advantage. The east has the longest line of battle fields, extending from Königsberg in the north, to the Carpathian mountains in the south. For this eastern conflict Germany had built a system of strategic railroads that would enable her in a remarkably short time to concentrate her eastern army on any given point. She could strike the right wing, the left wing, or the center of the Russian army, with her entire force before the Russians could reach with recruits the point of German attack. When the war broke out the Russians had just begun their system of strategic railroads, on their own frontier, so that Russia was not prepared to move her armies from one point to another with anything like the rapidity of the Germans. It was not impossible for the Germans to get in a week's fighting before the Russians had time to bring up reinforcements. In this way the Russians have practically needed as many men on each wing, and at the center, as the whole German army of the east amounted to. It will be noticed in all these German drives that when the Germans reached a certain distance in Russian territory that their armies have been stopped, and the Russians began again the aggressive. The Russians, therefore, to make any headway, must do one of two things. They must either put on the front three soldiers for every one of Germany's, or they must first complete a system of railroads on their frontier that will make mobilization as easy and rapid for them as it is for the Germans.

There is in this eastern game of war a very interesting prelude which reaches back into the early eighties, when Bismarck and Von Moltke were at the helm. In the Kriegsschule, at Berlin, Von Moltke and Hindenburg gave courses of instruction to the officers of the department of war, and sometimes public addresses

were given to which the public was invited. Much of the burden of those talks was along the line of a future war with Russia. In the course of time Von Hindenburg fell into more or less disfavor, and was subjected to military demotion by the kaiser for the reason, it was said, that he was too outspoken in his criticisms.

It may be well here to remark that the kaiser has made some very important changes in the system established by the great Von Moltke. He has substituted what is called the general staff, a coterie of commanders, for the geniuses of war, individual leaders, who had in the past distinguished themselves on the battlefield.

In the present war, however, especially in the east, the general staff system did not work well, and Von Hindenburg, who knew that whole country better than anyone else, was summoned to Berlin and given commands, and by his promotion there came a decided setback to the general staff. Von Hindenburg made good. He is a hero today of all heroes in the German nation. Because of his devoted study to the eastern frontier and the strategy that must be used along the great system of lakes and marshes in the north, he has been contemptuously called "the old man of the lakes."

Von Hindenburg has also been a devoted follower of the great Bismarck; in his political wisdom he had unbounded confidence. When Bismarck broke with the young emperor, Von Hindenburg still maintained quietly his loyalty to the wisdom of the great statesman he had so much admired. This may have had something to do with Von Hindenburg's disfavor in the eyes of the emperor. Bismarck had warned the emperor and country in the most solemn manner that they must not break friendship with Russia. The old statesman did not think the policy of a certain class of Germans, in the Balkans, in any way worth the loss of Russia's friendship, and on one occasion in the Reichstag he exclaimed from the utmost depths of his emotions: "I would not give the bones of a Pomeranian soldier for all the Balkans."

The emperor evidently did not heed the great statesman's warning. Year after year, Russia and Germany drifted apart, and they drifted apart over the contentions that arose between them in the Balkan peninsula, a district of Europe inhabited chiefly by the Slavic race for whom Russia declared herself sponsor.

It is interesting to take notice that in this war there is another "old man of the lakes"—Nicholas Nicholavitch. When the war broke out between Russia and Japan, military jealousy at Petrograd consigned this great general to the western frontier, where it was his ostensible duty to protect the Russians against some imaginary attack from the Germans. Nicholas also studied the lakes. What Von Hindenburg was learning about them, this great Russian general was likewise studying. These two generals, therefore, know, as no other men in Russia and Germany know, the whole boundary from the Baltic in the north, to the Carpathians

in the south. In the present military movements it is, therefore, "diamond cut diamond." The Germans found that Von Hindenburg was the one man they could discover to withstand the Grand Duke Nicholas, and the Russians have learned that Nicholas is the only man that can withstand Von Hindenburg. These two at the present are the most interesting characters of all the war. The great contest between the Germans and the Russians does not find the Russians, this time, carrying on a "scientific retreat," such as the Russians carried on in Manchuria.

The recent defeat of the Russians along the Niemen, in eastern Prussia, was in a large measure due to the boldness with which Nicholas had advanced the right wing of his army in the hope that he might maintain its position without the use of trenches until the coming of spring when a strategic advantage along the Mansurean lakes would tell greatly in favor of the army holding that advantage. Handling an army in the great marshes on the northwest border line of Russia demands, perhaps, today, the greatest military skill of the present war. Its disadvantages and its tremendous risks are seen in no other battlefield of Europe, and one may almost safely predict that among the present surprises that will grow out of the present war will be the coming man of Russia, Grand Duke Nicholas, who, today, is as strong, no doubt, in the hearts and confidence of his soldiers as even the old Von Moltke was during the war with France, in 1870.

Other great generals will, no doubt, in time make their appearance high up in the scale of military glory, but at present Von Hindenburg and Grand Duke Nicholas occupy the central position of almost universal admiration.

A great salt refinery from which comes Royal Crystal Table Salt is located fifteen miles due west of Salt Lake City, Utah. Round about the refinery, in circling whiteness, lies a shimmering expanse of hundreds of acres of salt ponds which constitute one of the scenic attractions of Utah, and are viewed by thousands of tourists annually. The country around the refinery is as level as a table top. Great ponds are formed by throwing up earthen dykes and into these ponds salt water is pumped to a depth of twelve to fifteen inches. Nature provides sunshine in Utah 300 days out of every year, and after water is pumped into each of the ponds, the action of the sun is allowed to take its course, and for several months the water in the ponds is subjected to a process of evaporation. The salt is conveyed to the refinery where it goes through a purifying process that removes what impurities are contained in the crude salt, producing an excellent quality of refined salt. An ordinary season will evaporate about four inches of salt. It is then harvested and piled in pyramids of from 500 to 1,000 tons. The brine is pumped from the Great Salt Lake, commencing in March and continued as long as evaporation takes place. Just prior to harvesting the salt, the brine is drawn off, thus leaving nothing but the crude salt which has been deposited on the bottom of the harvesting ponds.

Editors' Table

Let the Guilty Beware

The first article in this number, by J. W. Booth, former president of the Turkish mission, should at least awaken thought in the heart of every reader on the need of a closer observance of the third commandment: "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain." We wish that all might give it consideration.

If profanity among the people of our favored nation is as prevalent as the author would have us believe, we should sharply awaken to the truth that was thundered from Sinai, "the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain." If the youth of our own communities, in these happy valleys, are so wanting in reverence for the Supreme Being as to indulge increasingly in the sin of taking his name in vain, it is well worth our time and attention to sound the alarm, and so help to stamp out this impious habit.

If we are to believe the author, and his veracity we have no reason to doubt, for he is a man of high standing among the people and of varied experiences in the world, the sin of profanity is increasing among all classes, both in and out of the Church. His observations emphatically lead him to such a conclusion. Certainly no member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints will continue to be guilty of such irreverence, when he once stops to consider the condemnation that he is under by so doing. The habit denotes a coarseness and lack of refinement in speech, that no person of self-respect would either care to cultivate, or to have his friends and associates believe him addicted to, even on occasion when he might be provoked. It denotes "poverty of intellect," ignorance, and lack of elegance in manners, taste and culture. Above all, it indicates a deep disregard for Deity. And, let it be remembered that reverence for God is the first characteristic of a true man and a faithful Latter-day Saint. True reverence is a strong feeling of profound love, respect and esteem towards God and his cause, ardently expressed. It leads men to perform the requirements of the law of the Lord. It is reverence for the spirit of the gospel that leads men to righteousness, to serve each other and the Lord in purity and in truth. True reverence leads to prayer. Prayer leads to clean life, to purity and truth. To think of that which is most ennobling, and to revere God—that is the

true spirit of reverence. This no man can possess who taketh the name of God in vain.

Some people profane without thought of the meaning of their words, believing it adds emphasis to their speech. But it simply shows their misconception of language, and their lack of discrimination in its use. Swearing is a crude species of slang, seldom used by men and boys before people for whom they harbor respect. While on earth, Jesus taught the sin of profanity in these words:

"Again, ye have heard that it hath been said by them of old time, Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oaths;

"But I say unto you, Swear not at all; neither by heaven; for it is God's throne;

"Nor by the earth; for it is his footstool; neither by Jerusalem; for it is the city of the great King.

"Neither shalt thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black.

"But let your communication be, Yea, yea; Nay, nay; for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil."

As early as 1831, the Lord revealed to the Prophet Joseph Smith how sacred are the names of God and our Savior, Jesus Christ, and what is the penalty of blasphemy. The prophet was cautioned in these words:

"Behold, I am Alpha and Omega, even Jesus Christ.

"Wherefore let all men beware how they take my name in their lips;

"For, behold, verily I say, that many there be who are under this condemnation, who use the name of the Lord, and use it in vain, having not authority.

"Wherefore, let the Church repent of their sins, and I, the Lord, will own them, otherwise they shall be cut off.

"Remember that that which cometh from above is sacred, and must be spoken with care, and by constraint of the Spirit, and in this there is no condemnation, and ye receive the Spirit through prayer; wherefore, without this there remaineth condemnation."

Priesthood Quorum and Other Statistics

In the sixty-six stakes of Zion, according to information compiled from the stake annual reports, by the Presiding Bishop's Office, for the year ending December 31, 1914, there are in the Church 11,450 High Priests, 2,413 of whom are inactive, and 3,309 who did not attend quorum meeting during 1914. There were 11,112 Seventies on record at the close of the year, 2,275 of

whom were inactive, and 2,772 did not attend quorum meeting during the year. There are 27,382 Elders on record, 10,099 of whom were inactive, and 9,545 who did not attend quorum meeting during 1914. There are 10,607 Teachers, with 3,975 reported inactive, and 2,937 who did not attend their quorum meeting. Of Deacons there are 22,722 on record, with 7,008 reported inactive and 6,477 who did not attend quorum meeting. This makes a total of Priesthood in the stakes of 92,103, with 29,008 inactive and 27,508 who did not attend quorum meeting during 1914.

Nearly every stake of Zion had an increase in membership during the year. The average per capita of fast offerings for the year 1914 in the Church was 18 cents. The percentage of families who own their own homes in the Church is 73, a most remarkable showing. The birth rate per thousand was 39.5, with a death rate per thousand of 8.3. This is a very favorable showing in vital statistics. The number of children blessed per thousand was 40, and the number of baptisms per thousand was 33.3; the number of persons married per thousand was 16. The percentage of membership attending sacrament meetings was 18; and the average per cent of Priesthood attending the weekly priesthood meetings was 20. The percentage of Melchizedek Priesthood who are inactive is 28, and the percentage of Aaronic Priesthood who are inactive in the Church is 33; while the average percentage of families visited by ward teachers is 45.

The Era Story Contest

The ERA story contest for February resulted in the selection of "Unbidden Guests," by Nephi Anderson, for first place. There were thirteen stories submitted, and a number of them were very favorably mentioned by the judges who were: Thomas Hull, James H. Anderson, Moroni Snow, Oscar A. Kirkham, and Edward H. Anderson, of the General Board of Y. M. M. I. A.; Prof. D. M. Draper, of the L. D. S. U.; Hugo B. Anderson, attorney-at-law; Mary E. Connelly, editor of the *Young Woman's Journal*; and Dr. Joseph M. Tanner.

The winner in the third contest for March 6 will be mentioned in the May number of the ERA. Seventeen lively stories were submitted, which are being considered by competent judges. The stories for the April contest must be in by the 5th of April. Particulars relating to the contest will be gladly furnished upon application to the Associate Editor. The first prize story is printed in this number, and we are sure the readers of the ERA will enjoy it. The

lesson, among other lessons taught, is that calamity and fright are about the only things through which some people will learn to let "booze" alone—the short way to bring them to their senses as to the need of personal prohibition.

Wheat Prices

Some agitation recently arose throughout our country with respect to a shortage in wheat for home consumption, and the government was urged to put an embargo on that food product. However, after an examination it was shown that there were in the country 147,000,000 bushels, and that if 1,000,000 bushels were exported daily, between the time of the report and the commencement of this year's harvest, we would still be amply provided for. This put a quietus on the clamor for an embargo.

Furthermore, it is discovered that Argentine will now have something like 100,000,000 bushels of wheat to put on the market, and that the supply for exportation from India will be unusually large. The exact amount is not stated. In the United States there has been a considerable increase in the number of acres planted, and it is stated that the acreage throughout Europe will be somewhat larger than it was last year, so that conditions up to the present hour were never more promising for a large crop of wheat.

Of course, there are the great unknown factors of the weather. The weather, indeed, is the most important consideration, and the changes between now and next harvest may be of a character to run up the price of grain. Further, while the nations are at war they will store grain in advance to the utmost of their financial capacity. That may increase prices. However, if we supposed that peace will be declared by next harvest, and the present conditions of the grain crop were to continue, we should conclude that we shall probably have the largest crop on record and, correspondingly, the lowest price for grain for at least ten years past. The important thing to be remembered in this matter is that the question of high prices for wheat next fall is purely speculative. The reasons and the probabilities of low prices are just as strong as those making for high prices.

Book for Teachers

If class teachers wish a book with helpful thoughts and new ideas on how to teach boys, the *Problems of Boyhood*, by Frank

Winslow Johnson, of the University of Chicago, is such a one. It points out a different way from the ordinary methods of instruction. It recognizes that that which is of timely interest to boys appeals to their natures, and then permits them by choice in class exercises to take sides and stoutly defend their positions. It is a system of teaching by problems which may easily, and we believe with much benefit, be adapted to the Y.M.M.I.A. At any rate it is a book which every teacher of boys will find full of helpful suggestions, in its course of twenty-two lessons, on the teaching of ethics to boys of high school age. It is, besides, full of material according with the spirit of the teachings and life of Jesus, and when used in the spirit of the Great Teacher, as can most easily be done in the Y.M.M.I.A., it will be found very effective. Printed by the University Press, Chicago.

Enrollment in the Auxiliary Organizations

The Presiding Bishop's Office has prepared a schedule of the average per cent of enrollment in the auxiliary organizations of the Church in the sixty-six stakes of Zion. The total average per cent of each organization, according to this schedule, follows: Relief Society, 9.2; Sunday School, 44; Y. M. M. I. A., 8.8; Y. L. M. I. A., 8.5; Primary Associations, 17; Religion Class, 12.4.

Messages from the Missions

Elder A. Hulme Nebeker, Blackburn, England, January 20, 1915, writes: "We met on New Year's day in monthly priesthood meeting to be strengthened by fellowship with each other. Short, though impressive toasts were given: 'Departed Brothers,' 'The Folks at Home,' 'Our Future,' and 'Our Fraternity.' Though of different temperaments and capabilities the gospel power absolves these artificial divisions and causes us to work together in love and harmony for the spreading of the truth. Our number is gradually being diminished by releases, and no more elders are at present being sent into the war zone; but we hope to keep on the armor of Christ, as long as one man remains in the field."

Walter E. Dye, Philadelphia, Pa., February 2: "At our conference on January 24, there were sixteen elders and lady missionaries of the East Pennsylvania conference in attendance. President Walter P. Monson delivered three very interesting discourses, and the elders and lady missionaries bore strong testimonies to the truthfulness of the gospel, as revealed by the Prophet Joseph Smith, all of which was much enjoyed by our visiting friends and investigators, as well as by the many assembled Saints. We held a Priesthood meeting on Mon-

day, at which the missionaries reported their labors for the past seven months. The reports generally showed that the work in this mission was on a firmer basis than ever before in the past few years."



Elders and Lady Missionaries of the East Pennsylvania Conference, Jan. 25, 1915: Back row, left to right: Paul B. Talmage, Globe, Arizona; Benj. H. Knudsen, Provo, Utah; Grover N. Arrington, Twin Falls, Idaho; J. Lester Ogden, Richfield, Quimby Roundy, Alton, Utah; Woodruff Stucki, Paris, Idaho; Leslie Tidwell, Smithfield, Edmund Sperry, Salt Lake City, Utah. Second row: Leonard Madsen, Provo, Hyrum W. Stevens, Mt. Carmel, Utah; Ruth N. Savage, Woodruff, Arizona; Walter E. Dye (conference president), Firth, Ida; Walter P. Monson (mission president), F. D. Fielding (president Maryland conference), Mancos, Colorado; Minnie Poulson, Richfield, Utah. Front row: James W. Nixon, Huntington, Samuel Hadley, Jr., Ogden, Utah; Lorenzo H. Hatch, Franklin, Idaho.

W. M. Wooldridge, secretary and treasurer of the Milk River Improvement Co., Chinook, Montana, having requested some literature relating to the Y.M.M.I.A., writes, in acknowledgment of the same, saying: "I am most agreeably surprised at the extent and scope, as well as the character of your Y.M.M.I.A. work. It is simply grand, and it is a pity that something similar has not been followed by other great denominations. There is certainly a most urgent field for it all along the line. * * * Personally, the writer believes that the Latter-day Saints are doing a great work in the Lord's vineyard; in fact, I am compelled to say, after a most close study, and, frankly, at times inclined to criticize—that I know of nothing comparable with it in its practical application of the teachings of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ."



Elders of the Virginia Conference. Top row left to right: E. L. Hatch, Randolph, G. T. Furner, Mammoth, B. A. Montague, Salem, Elmer Stoddard, Richmond, Henry Child, Salt Lake City, Alma Pace, Park City, Utah. Second row: E. L. Hunter, Lewisville, Idaho; Jos. C. Norton, Fairview, Ariz.; Geo. S. Weekes, Archer, Idaho; R. W. Miles, St. George, Dell Shumway, Clarkston, Utah. Third row: F. J. Bowcutt, Collinston, S. H. Butterfield, Riverton, Utah; J. H. Slade, Egar, Arizona; A. F. Wiggill, Kimball, Alta, Canada. Bottom row: Ira J. Taylor, Rigby, M. W. Cranney, Island, Idaho; W. T. Owens, Jr., Conference President, Panguitch, Utah; L. C. Owens, Snowflake, Arizona.

President Theodore Tobiason of the Swedish mission, writes: "When the war first broke out, we expected it would only last a month or two, but it now appears that it has not much more than begun, after being in full blast for nearly four months, and when it will end only our Father in heaven knows. It appears to me that the nations are only reaping what they have sown for many hundreds of years. Our fall conferences have been held, and were a success, and we now have only from two to three elders in each conference,—only fifteen elders in all from Zion being in this mission. We have besides three local missionaries and two local lady missionaries. We are trying to do what we can to keep the work going, but cannot accomplish much among strangers, as it requires most of our time to attend to the Saints and our friends. This requires me to travel much more than heretofore, as I have to be out in the various districts to hold meetings with the Saints to encourage and comfort them. We regret that it was deemed advisable to call our missionaries home. We were meeting many good people who received us very kindly, after our recent victory over Pastor Aslev, in the Swedish Parliament. We have been successful in distributing hundreds of Books of Mormon and baptizing quite a number of people. Little did we think that the war storm which blew up so suddenly would cause such great changes throughout the nations, or that it would cause such a change in our work. The withdrawal of the elders caused sorrow, not only among the Saints but also among the elders. Eight days after receiving the telegram of release, thirty-seven of our elders sailed from

Copenhagen bound for Liverpool on their way to America, leaving us as I have said, with only fifteen elders in the whole mission."

Elder Charles G. Clark, left, Oakley, Idaho; Wilford B. Murray, right, Wellsville, Utah, report from Amsterdam, Holland, January 21, 1915: "We have been the only two 'Mormon' elders working in the Amsterdam conference of the Netherlands Mission, since the majority of our elders left Holland to continue their labors in other parts of the world, owing to conditions existing in Europe. We are thankful to the Lord for the great privilege of remaining at our posts during these critical times, when God's judgments are being poured out upon his children. We have learned to love the Dutch people and to appreciate the privilege of laboring among them as representatives of the true Church of Christ. Our one desire is to be a joy and a blessing unto them. Local brethren have been called to preside over most of the branches, and they have all proved energetic. They are doing a splendid work. Notwithstanding the conditions here, which are not very encouraging, owing to the absence of most of the elders, which causes a great decrease in the work being done among strangers, the work of the Lord is prospering in Holland. We pray that the year 1915 may be a banner year for the work of the Lord."



J. V. Nelson, Apai, Samoa, December 25: "We certainly enjoy reading the ERA, and wish you continued success. The Lord's work is growing on Samoa, though we are very few in numbers upon this island (Savaii). We are all happy and rejoice in our labors. The ERA is a factor for good among the white population here, and we all appreciate it very much, and thank you very much in behalf of the Savaii Conference."



Elder Geo. G. Howarth, Edinburgh, Scotland, February 16: "The work in the Edinburgh branch of the Scottish mission, especially as regards the conversing with and having the privilege of explaining the truths to the people is improving. The war which has enthralled the majority of European nations has caused many people to think of their future state, and we are given many opportunities to present the gospel where it would seem otherwise difficult if not practically impossible. We hope that many will take cognizance of the warning, and seek to serve the Lord more fully. Elders, left to right, standing: J. W. Savage, Hyrum; George G. Howarth, Nephi; sitting, J. K. Cannon Logan, Utah; A. J. Barker, Knight, Wyoming."

Priesthood Quorums' Table

Suggestive Outlines for the Deacons

THE POINT OF CONTACT

When you have read this introduction, pause a few moments and ask yourself, "What is the relation that exists between me as teacher and each of the members of the quorum that I instruct as learners?" The meeting of that particular attitude that I take towards John, and the attitude he takes towards me is the *point of contact* between us. Is that relation such as to favor growth and advancement in the gospel? Does the relation of *learner* and *teacher* exist mutually between us? If it does, then the quorum is in the way of progress. If not, in what particular thing is there friction? Is the fault in me, the teacher, or is it in the pupil? It may be in both.

How can we come nearer that relation where the deacon is an interested learner, and the instructor an interested teacher? How can we improve the point of contact? A worker with deacons said concerning a boy who had given a number of instructors trouble, "One day I was painting my house, when the boy in mind came up. I remembered, because of the very difficulties that had arisen between us, that he was interested in painting. I asked for his opinion on something. He said, 'My father is a painter, and says so and so.' Our conversation continued for some little time. But the point of interest to me was that from that little conversation about one of his interests, our point of contact changed, and he became a different pupil in the quorum I instructed."

There are frequently unruly boys in the quorum, but the fact that they are there is evidence that they have interest to some extent, or that they obey their parents. With unruly boys, the point of contact is naturally less favorable. Now, what course shall be pursued with them? Doctrine and Covenants 121:41-45 describes the course very clearly. Although you may have read it many times before, study it again. In the light of that passage, study from the point of view of teacher and learner the course our Savior pursued with Peter, as shown in the following passages: Matt. 16:15-28. Note first, the commendation; Second, the severe rebuke; Third, the clarifying of Peter's mind concerning saving and losing life. Also Matt. 26:31-35, 57-75; John 21:15-23.

LESSON 13

(Text *The Latter-day Prophet, Chapter 12*)

Problem. What officer in our Church has the authority to command the Church in the name of the Lord? Why is it this one particular officer?

Study the chapter as formerly recommended.

How had Joseph Smith learned to distinguish revelations given by Satan, from those given by the Lord? What men had been influenced by Satan? What order does the Lord employ in giving revelations for his Church? Why is this necessary? Of what is this way of giving revelations an evidence? Answer the problem of the lesson.

LESSON 14

(Chapter XIII)

Problem: Where is the New Jerusalem of the Latter-day Saints to be built?

Study the chapter. Have a map of the United States. Locate Sharon, Vt. (2) Manchester, N. Y. (3) Harmony, Penn. (4) Fayette, N. Y. (5) Kirtland, Ohio (6) Independence, Mo. How many miles apart are the Prophet's birth place and Independence? Tell the principal events in the life of the Prophet which took place at each of the above places. How was Kirtland selected as a gathering place for the Saints? Why were there a number of elders at Independence, Mo., by Aug. 2, 1831? How did the Prophet know where the spot was on which the Temple was to be built? (See Doc. & Cov., 57.) Do the Latter-day Saints own any part of this promised land? How do you feel about the promise of the Lord concerning Zion?

LESSON 15

(Chapter XIV)

Problems: What did William E. McLellan's failure to write a revelation prove concerning Joseph Smith? What trait of character did Joseph Smith show in preaching on Sunday in the same village where he was tarred and feathered the night before?

Study the chapter.

Compare the feeling that William E. McLellan had concerning his wisdom, with the feeling of Peter (Matt. 26:31-35; 71-75). Whose wisdom did both men oppose? What was the outcome in each case? What evidence do these instances give of the wisdom of our Savior? Compare the courage of Joseph Smith with our Savior's instructions. (Matt. 10:28.) How do these instances strengthen your faith in Joseph Smith's being helped by the Lord? (See note below.)

LESSON 16

(Chapter XV)

See the January number of the ERA, in the introduction. Conclude the lesson with relating all the evidences so far studied that Joseph Smith was a Prophet of the Lord.

NOTE. Every instructor of deacons should own for himself a Bible, a Book of Mormon, a Doc. & Cov., and a Pearl of Great Price, and should acquire the habit of looking up passages.

Suggestions for Teachers' Quorums

(Course of Study, 1915, *The Life of Christ*.)

The first three lessons are introductory, but their importance is vital in the consideration of the life of Christ. The success of the year's work will depend largely upon the foundation that is laid in these lessons.

LESSON 1—*The Jews*

Get the land of Canaan clearly fixed in the mind. Have this mental conception as nearly correct as possible, as to location, physical features, etc., so that any future reference to it will call up a mental picture of the promised land.

Establish the house of Israel by making a brief chronology of the leaders whereby the lineage of Jesus may be seen at a glance. Make this chronology a prominent feature of class study.

LESSON 2—*The Jews (Continued.)*

Connect up with the early history of Israel. Note the warning of Samuel, given by the Lord (I Samuel 8). Observe the loss of special privileges as a result of failure to do the will of the Lord.

LESSON 3—*John the Baptist*

Minor details should be used as introduction; let burden of lesson be on his ministry; his preparation and preaching. Show that humility, his example, and repentance, his message, are the two essentials that prepare one to receive Christ. Thus John prepared the way before him and bore witness of Christ's divinity.

Routine

I murmured once at matin old and same,
At night's unchanged compline,
At task and routine fretting as they came,
When lo! at 'plaint of mine—

There came fair Springtime sunning down the land,
With lilt and starling song,
With balmy blossoms snowing from her hand,
As in Springtimes agone!

A dryad flinging vesture to the tree,
And sun-moats to the noon—
To every leaf a likened palmetry—
'Twas thus at yesternoon!

On fell and moor the same beatitude,
Of April's chrism'd tear,
Each copse apulse with holy interlude—
The same as yesteryear!

The Autumn's rust shall stain the lily's sheen,
And necrode all her gold,
Yet blithely through the woof of her routine
Spring plies her loom of old!

Her triumph spun in fragile monocarp,
Shall mould in sodden fen,
Yet though her forests twang a rusted harp,
She shall make new again!

Mutual Work

Stake Work

The Closing Meeting—Summer Activity

As the season for Mutual work is about ended for this year, the General Board calls your attention to the holding of a closing session, in each of the wards in your stake, as per instructions in the January number of the IMPROVEMENT ERA, page 277.

It is desired that each ward shall conclude its season's meetings with a session at which the annual statistical and financial reports of the ward shall be presented and approved, and a report made of the various activities carried out in the association for the past year.

At this meeting also, the certified list of junior boys who have passed successfully, the first and second years' courses, should be presented, in order to give them due recognition.

The officers for the ensuing year should, as far as possible, also be presented and voted upon by the association, so that they will be prepared to carry on the summer's work, and be ready to take up the regular work as soon as the convention season opens in the fall.

The annual report should be forwarded at once, after the final meeting, to the stake secretary, and that officer should compile the ward reports and forward the stake report to the General Secretary, to reach him not later than May 10.

The blank stake and ward reports have been forwarded to the stake superintendents, and we hope, promptly distributed. Follow them up until the reports are properly made out, and in the hands of your stake secretary.

You are requested to forward all funds collected on the general fund account, promptly, to the General Secretary, reporting with your remittance the amount paid by each ward.

Avoid Cash Prizes for Athletic Contests

The attention of all stake superintendents and ward presidents of the Y. M. M. I. A., is called to this fact: the International Collegiate Athletic rules declare that after a man has received money for athletic contests, he must be rated as a professional, and becomes, therefore, ineligible to play on any regular college team.

It is quite as satisfactory to give prizes in the form of a hat, shoes, books or a medal, or anything else except money; and such prizes would not disqualify the recipient from work on college teams.

The reason why we call especial attention to this matter now, is that President John A. Widtsoe, of the State Agricultural College, has found that in several M. I. A. athletic contests, men have received small cash prizes, such as \$2.50 or \$5, and have, thereby, automatically, barred themselves from participating in athletic contests in colleges which they have later entered. We, therefore, again warn our officers and young men of this condition.

Warning was given by the Board, some three years ago, on this point, and cash prizes have been constantly discouraged, but it appears that in some places, the warning has not been heeded.

Reports and the Final Meetings

A supply of stake and ward report blanks for making out annual reports have been sent to superintendents. These ward reports should be promptly distributed and followed up with vigorous action. Suggestions of the Board in the matter of holding a closing session in each ward at which the ward annual report should be presented for the approval of the association, have also been sent to superintendents. (See ERA, January, 1915, page 277.) If this be done, in every instance, stake officers should be able to secure the ward reports in ample time for the stake secretaries to compile the ward reports and have the stake report reach this office by May 10, according to the printed instructions. Please leave no stone unturned, this year, to secure a full report from all associations. If there is any neglect or delay on the part of the ward officers, take the matter up with the bishops of the wards.

The June Conference

The joint conference committee, as well as the separate committees of General Boards, have had several sessions devising new and attractive features for the annual conference of the Mutual Improvement Associations in June. Preparations are being made for lively times in which every moment of the three days, June 11, 12, and 13, will be occupied with meetings, contests, literary, musical, and devotional exercises. Of course, the great social on Friday, 12th, will be one of the big things. All superintendents and presidents should begin to lay plans to be present.

Vocations and Industries

Vocation Lectures in Ogden

The M. I. A. of the Weber County stakes combined and provided for a free lecture course on Vocations. J. Dwight Harding, M. D., vocation supervisor for the Ogden stake, has favored the ERA with a program of the lecture course which is held in the Ogden Tabernacle, the music being furnished by the Tabernacle choir, Joseph Ballantyne, director. Dr. Harding writes that up to March 12 the lectures had been well attended and he was certain much good is being accomplished. The lectures had been strong and pointed. Only one substitution had been necessary, Major R. W. Young, being unable to appear, but other speakers were provided. Following is the original program:

Feb. 21, 2 p. m.—Chairman, H. H. Rolapp. "Trades," Nephi L. Morris.

Feb. 28, 2 p. m.—Chairman, Heber Scowcroft. "Architecture," Lewis T. Cannon; "Art," J. Leo Fairbanks.

March 7, 7 p. m.—Chairman, A. R. Heywood. "Medicine," Dr. G. W. Middleton; "Law," Major R. W. Young.

March 14, 2 p. m.—Chairman, Maude Dee Porter. "Girl's Vocations," Lizzie M. Hill; "Woman's Vocations," Lydia H. Tanner.

March 21, 2 p. m.—Chairman, T. Samuel Browning. "Authorship and Journalism," B. H. Roberts; "Teaching," Dr. G. H. Brimhall.

March 28, 2 p. m.—Chairman, Supt. J. M. Mills. "Science," Dr. F. J. Pack.

April 11, 2 p. m.—Chairman, Dr. E. I. Rich. "Agriculture," Dr. John A. Widtsoe.

A Vocational Convention.

On Saturday, February 13, a vocational convention was held at Brigham City for the Box Elder stake of Zion. The attendance, according to a letter sent us by Superintendent Ernest P. Horsley, was large and about as follows: At the agricultural room, 100; normal training, 100; commerce and banking, 75; law room, 50; medicine, surgery and nursing, 100; manual training, 20. The time devoted for the vocational work by competent division teachers was one and a half hours. On Sunday afternoon following, there was a special vocationn meeting held, attended by 675 people, the audience being composed almost entirely of Brigham City residents. The convention was held in the Box Elder high school. The professors taking part were: agriculture and horticulture, Walter J. Glenn and Abel S. Rich; animal husbandry, Louis Wangsgaard; commerce and banking, Hon. J. D. Peters; normal training, Supt. D. C. Jensen; law, Hon. W. J. Low, county attorney; medicine and surgery, Dr. D. W. Henderson; manual training, Prof. George C. Laney. The meetings were a source of great instruction to those who attended. The idea of holding such a convention is a good one, well worth favorable consideration by others.

Rules for M. I. A. Boys' Half-Acre and Garden Contests

The Boys' Half-Acre Contest, during 1914, caused the General Board of Y. M. M. I. A. to decide to hold a similar contest during 1915. The purposes are to impress our boys and young men with the value and use of money, the worth of time and the necessity of forming habits of industry and thrift; and also to give them experience in intensely cultivating the soil and marketing their products.

1. The contests shall be known as the M. I. A. Boys' Half-Acre and Garden Contests.

2. All Y. M. M. I. A. members, twelve to eighteen years of age inclusive, are eligible to enter the contests.

3. All who enter this contest are to fill out the entrance blank accompanying these rules, and file same through the ward vocation counselor or stake supervisor, with R. W. Eardley, Secretary of the Committee on Vocations and Industries, 20 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah, not later than June 1, 1915.

4. Sugar beets, mangel wurzel, potatoes or garden truck, may be grown. For sugar beets, wurzel and potatoes, one-half acre of ground shall form the unit for this contest, and in garden truck one-eighth of an acre shall form the unit of the contest; but each contestant may enter one, two, three or four units.

5. Two or more young men may form a club or partnership, but there must be at least one unit of ground for each member participating in such partnership or club. All partnerships or clubs shall be restricted to not more than five members each.

6. The participant or participants in the contest are to decide for themselves what crops shall be planted, but the crops must be confined to the products enumerated in Rule 4. They shall also decide the frequency and amount of irrigation, how the crops shall be cultivated and marketed, and, as far as possible, each shall do his own work, hiring only such work done as he may be unable to do. An accurate record shall be kept of all work hired, both as to time the hired person spends and the amount he receives for his labors.

7. An accurate record shall be kept of all the expenses pertaining to the cultivation of the ground and the marketing of the crop, and the returns shall also be carefully and accurately recorded. The expenses shall include labor, seed, fertilizer, as per report blank.

8. In estimating the cost of production the contestant shall allow \$8 rental for each half-acre of land which he uses. He is to count his own time worth ten cents an hour; all team work and help at actual cost, and barn-yard manure at \$2 per ton.

9. The contest shall be conducted by the Committee on Vocations and Industries, affiliated with the State and National Boys' and Girls' Clubs. It shall be under the direction of the stake supervisor, assisted by the state and county leaders of boys' and girls' clubs. All instructions issued by the state leader of boys' and girls' clubs are applicable to these contests, and those who enter will be furnished, upon application, the bulletins issued by the boys' and girls' clubs which give instructions relating to the planting and caring for the crops. Each stake shall form a unit in the contest. At the end of the season the report of each contestant shall be certified to by his ward vocation counselor, or president, and bishop, and is to be sent to the stake supervisor, who shall arrange for judges to decide the merits of the different contestants.

10. At the conclusion of the contest in each stake, the stake supervisor shall send to the Committee on Vocations and Industries of the General Board the four records which shall have been adjudged to be the first, second, third, and fourth best. From the records thus submitted a final decision will be rendered for the work done throughout all the stakes of the Church, recognizing, first, second, third, and fourth best. All boys and young men entering this contest are also eligible to compete in the county and state contests of the boys' and girls' clubs, and are in line to win the M. I. A., the State, and the National championships.

11. The contest shall be determined on the following points, namely: the crop yield, marketing of the crop, record, and net results.

12. The winners of the final contest shall be given honorable mention in the IMPROVEMENT ERA, and presented with a suitable token signifying their achievement.

M. I. A. Contests, 1915

Rules Governing Finals

1. Final contests will be held at the June Conference, Salt Lake City.

2. Preliminary try-outs will be held on Friday, June 11, at 2 p. m. The Music section will meet in the Assembly Hall; the Public Speaking section, in the Bishop's building; the Retold Story section, in the Fourteenth ward chapel. Grand Finals will be held in the Assembly Hall, Saturday, June 12, at 8 p. m.

3. Only those may participate in these contests who have won in Church District contests. The same stories, and Public speeches used in Church District contests must be used in the Finals.

4. Winners of first and second place at the Preliminary contests on Friday afternoon will contest in Grand Finals on Saturday evening.

5. Gold medals will be awarded to the winners in Senior and advanced Senior events, and silver medals to the winners in Junior events, at the Finals.

6. The names and addresses of all contestants and events for which they enter; also manuscript copies of Public speeches, and titles of Retold Stories, must be forwarded to the General Secretary, Moroni Snow, not later than May 25.

7. An official accompanist will be provided, when musical contestants so desire.

8. Competent judges will be provided by the General Boards to adjudicate all events.

9. All contestants should read carefully the rules and regulations published in convention folder of last fall, and in September, 1914, and March, 1915, numbers of ERA; and February and March, 1915, *Journal*.

Note.—See January ERA, page 274, "Helpful Hints for Boys' Chorus."

Before this issue of the ERA reaches you, many ward contests will have been held, and you will find yourselves in the midst of this work. Let us suggest again that ward and stake officers be as tactful and helpful as possible. If it is your ward or stake representative who loses, or wins, you be the first to give help where it is needed. See that your judges are selected with the greatest of care; then, when they render decisions, let them be final, and encourage all to abide by the same. Let us ever keep in mind that there are no losers where conscientious effort has been put forth.

"Your ceaseless struggles, made in sun and storm,

Will bring their blessings just because you tried.

The best that you could do, you may ne'er perform;

At topmost height, some must be thrust aside;

But our desires and struggles serve to teach

Us to rejoice, when we our best have tried." PORTER.



M. I. A. CLASS IN LEADERSHIP, PROVO, UTAH

Passing Events

The sixty-third Congress adjourned on March 4. The session lasted twenty-three months. During that time appropriations were made aggregating \$2,225,000,000, which was \$125,000,000 more than the Congress before.

Mrs. Emily M. Shurtliff, wife of President Lewis W. Shurtliff, of the Weber stake, died January 7 in Ogden. She was the president of the Weber stake Relief Society. She was born at Swonwick, Derbyshire, England, December 16, 1852, and married President Shurtliff in April, 1872, having come to Utah in 1870.

The fruit crops of Utah for 1914, according to the report of State Horticulturist J. Edward Taylor, was the heaviest crop in the history of the state, the total commercial output being 5,001 carloads. During the year 1913, 203,153 fruit trees of all varieties were planted; and during the spring of 1914, 121,582 were set out; while in the past five years 2,675,523 fruit trees of all varieties are said to have been planted in the state.

The apple crop in the United States for 1914 was the largest ever produced in this country. The Department of Agriculture places the 1914 yield at 259,000,000 bushels, or 114,000,000 bushels more than was produced in 1913. The states leading in the production of apples were: New York, Pennsylvania, and Michigan, followed by Virginia, Kentucky, Ohio, Missouri, West Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee and Washington in their order.

Patriarch Thomas Hicken, of the Wasatch stake of Zion, died at Heber City, Utah, March 2, 1915. He was born June 15, 1826, in England, baptized, February 15, 1845, and came to Utah in 1851, settling in Heber City, in 1860. He has always been a diligent Church worker and filled many offices of an ecclesiastical and civil nature, taking part also in military affairs and serving in the Black Hawk war.

The state collegiate debating league championship was won, February 20, by the Brigham Young University. The league consisted of the University of Utah, the Agricultural College, and the Brigham Young University. The question was, "Resolved that a tax on land values should be substituted for the general tax for city purposes in American cities of over ten thousand inhabitants." This question was discussed in all three debates.

The Duchesne county high school building at Roosevelt was dedicated on Wednesday, February 17, with appropriate exercises, prayer being offered by President William H. Smart. The new building is of brick and cement, three stories high, and cost \$35,000. The whole county of Duchesne was an Indian reservation ten years ago, and white settlers only began moving into the section some nine years ago. The county now has twelve grade school districts.

Colonel Willard Young, formerly instructor at West Point Military Academy, and president of the L. D. S. U. since 1906, resigned from the latter position March 3, 1915, the resignation to be effective

at the end of the present school year. In the meantime Prof. O. J. P. Widtsoe will serve as acting president. Colonel Young was at one time instructor in engineering at West Point, Colonel George W. Goethals, builder of the Panama Canal, being one of those who took instruction from him.

Frank Fuller, former secretary of Utah, died in New York, February 19, in his 88th year. He was appointed secretary of Utah with Governor John W. Dawson, by President Abraham Lincoln, in 1861, and was on several occasions acting governor of Utah. While acting governor he sent one of the first messages over the Pacific telegraph line, and in 1872 with President George Q. Cannon and Thomas Fitch carried a memorial to Congress asking that Utah be admitted to statehood. He was delegated from Utah to the National Republican convention, in 1872.

Richard Kendall Thomas, former member of the state senate, and well-known business man and citizen of Salt Lake City, died February 23, 1915, at his home in Salt Lake City. He was born in St. Columb, Cornwall, England, June 30, 1844, and joined the Church in 1859, serving as a missionary in his native land until 1863 when he emigrated to America. He was married February 28, 1865, to Carrie Stockdale. For many years he was a member of the board of education of the Salt Lake stake and served also as treasurer of the L. D. S. U., and high councilor in Pioneer stake, and state senator in the Legislature.

The Utah Legislature adjourned Friday, March 12, some thirty-four hours after the expiration of the regular time. In the upper house 268 bills were introduced and on the 15th of March, 28 of these had become legal statutes by the signature of the governor. In the house 266 bills were introduced, 78 of which had reached the governor. The public utilities bill failed of passage, and the Wootten prohibition bill, which originated in the senate, passed the house by a vote of 40 to 9, a few days before adjournment, and was in the hands of the governor on the 6th, who vetoed it on the 18th. The legislature sat in the new capitol building during the closing days of the session.

Gould B. Blakley of Salt Lake City, was confirmed by the United States Senate, March 4, as registrar, and Heber C. Jex of Provo, as receiver of the United States land office in Salt Lake City. E. D. R. Thompson and Col. M. M. Kaighn, are the retiring registrar and receiver, respectively. Attorney Blakley, in Salt Lake City since 1890, was formerly receiver of the land office at Sidney, Nebraska. Mr. Jex was born in Spanish Fork, in 1871, and was educated at the Brigham Young University. He has served in various capacities in Democratic political organizations in the state. He was a well-known worker in the Y. M. M. I. A., and has been a resident of Provo since 1907 where he has served also at different times as mayor, and city justice of the peace. He has acted as city treasurer of Spanish Fork.

Hon. Jesse W. Crosby, Jr., died at Cowley, Wyo., February 24. He was born in Salt Lake City, June 12, 1848, and has resided in Wyoming for the past fifteen years. He had been a resident of southern Utah where he helped to survey the city of St. George. He came frequently in contact with Indians and was a scout and frontiersman in every sense of the word. In 1868-9 he filled a mission to the Southern States, later serving as a high councilor in St. George stake, and was in 1877 chosen counselor to President James Henrie of Pan-guitch stake which district he helped to colonize. In 1882 he was made president of the stake which position he held until 1900 when

he moved to Big Horn, Wyoming, where he continued his leadership in colonization and pioneer work.

Joshua Terry, of whom the readers of the ERA have heard considerable in articles recently published, died at his home in Draper, February 22, of old age. He was born in Canada, August 1, 1825, baptized June 20, 1840, and was well-known in the history of the early settlement of Utah. He was a patriarch at his death, in the Jordan stake of Zion, having been ordained to that office by Elder John Henry Smith, in 1901. Mr. Terry passed through the Missouri persecutions, and was a well-known Indian scout and pioneer in this western country. He remained at Fort Bridger for two years and so became a pioneer of Wyoming. He followed trading with the Indians for nine years, and as an early day character was regarded as a remarkable type of pioneer and mountaineer.

The Panama Pacific Exposition was opened at San Francisco February 20, at noon, as the telegrams read, "under blue skies, with a soft breeze blowing from the ocean, under the gaze of four hundred thousand visitors." President Wilson at Washington touched a button, the great guns boomed, the fountains began to flow, the engines in the palace of machinery began to move, the people sang, "The Star Spangled Banner," and there were cheers, and tears, and laughter and exhilaration. There was no hitch in the ceremony, and the great day was hailed by the blowing of horns in early morning, whistles, and shouts and everything that was ever invented to make a noise. At the opening of the exposition forty-one foreign nations, forty-three states and three territories of the American Union participated.

James M. Forsythe, in a communication to the ERA, has many words of commendation for the Charleston ward, Wasatch stake of Zion, which he recently visited. He speaks especially of the order of the sacrament meeting, Sunday school, and other organizations of the ward, and comments upon the splendid work which the people are doing. He refers to the organization of a dramatic club under the guidance of Mrs. Winifred Schlandecker, of King's School of Oratory. The young people of this club; often at a great sacrifice to themselves, visit the various wards of the stake and give their services free, the proceeds of the entertainment being turned over to the M. I. A. The dramatic clubs of the various wards and stakes of Zion in the M. I. A. organizations he thinks may take this as an example of the proper spirit to help the organizations, and at the same time to develop among the young people ability to carry on dramatic work.

An Indian outbreak in southern Utah, near Bluff, occurred on February 21, caused by the effort to arrest Tse-Ne-Gat, a Piute Indian outlaw who murdered a Mexican, about one year or more ago. The Colorado authorities requested Marshal Nebeker of Utah, to make the arrest, and on February 21, the Utah deputy marshals engaged in a battle near Bluff in which one white and two red men were killed. The following day the battle was continued, and efforts made to arrest "Old Polk," the Piute leader, and the father of the renegade who is wanted, sometimes known as Hatch. It was finally concluded to refer the matter to government officials, and Brigadier-General Hugh L. Scott, chief of the general staff, United States army, was sent to Bluff to endeavor to settle the trouble with the Piutes. He left Washington on March 3 for Utah, and went directly to Bluff where, at last accounts, he was endeavoring to meet the Indians. General Scott has a long record, not only as an Indian fighter, but also as a mediator among the Indians.

He speaks their dialects and knows their habits thoroughly. On the 16th, he had failed to find the outlaws, and Indian runners had been sent to induce their surrender.

Utah Bird Day was proclaimed for April 3, by Governor William Spry. April 3rd is the birthday of John Burroughs, America's greatest living naturalist. It is recommended that all school systems of the state as well as all citizens annually set apart this day to be devoted to exercises illustrative and commemorative of the great economic value of bird life to the agriculturist, horticulturist, the home makers, and to all who live within the borders of our state. The governor recommends and urges that a prescribed portion of the exercises of the day be expressive of the humane consideration of all animal life which the people of Utah desire to make manifest to the world. He calls attention to the fact that Utah has the only monument erected to birds in the United States, and for that matter, by any country, and calls attention to the state Audubon Societies and other organizations calculated to conserve and protect the wild life of the state, urging earnest support of them in their worthy undertakings. In this connection the report from the Department of Agriculture, February 16, announced that a census of the birds of the United States shows an average of sixty pairs of English sparrows to the square mile or seven to every hundred native birds throughout the country. The robin is the most numerous bird, with the English sparrow a close second. In the northeast, robins average six pairs to each farm of fifty-eight acres, while English sparrows average five pairs per farm. According to the department experts, the bird population is much less than it ought to be. There was only an average of one pair of birds for each acre of farm land in this country.

In Mexico the situation threatened to become more serious in the early part of March. On the 8th, the United States warned Chief Carranza and demanded an improvement of conditions in Mexico City, where it was stated anarchy prevailed as well as famine. The United States government seemed to be losing patience with General Carranza's indifference to the objectionable acts of General Obregon in Mexico City. The cruiser "Tacoma" was ordered to Vera Cruz. On the 9th Mexico City was evacuated by General Obregon, and the opposition forces immediately took possession of the place. Two more United States warships were ordered to Vera Cruz and Secretary Bryan again warned the American citizens to leave Mexico. On the 10th, General Carranza answered the United States, denying the responsibility of the Constitutionalists for the alarming situation to foreigners in Mexico City, and pledging every facility in his power for the exodus of Americans, which he recommends. It was also announced on the 10th that the embargo would be raised at Progreso, and the exportation of sisal hemp would be assured. The blockade was abandoned, on the 13th on the urgent representation of the United States. Sisal is used extensively in making binder twine for the harvests. On the 12th it was announced that the crisis had passed, also that the food famine in Mexico City was relieved. However, news arrived that on the entry of Zapata's troops in Mexico City, John B. McManus, an American citizen, was shot down in his home, the door of which was sealed with a coat-of-arms of the United States, and over which flew the Stars and Stripes. The Brazilian minister, acting for the United States, was authorized to insist on an early punishment of the offenders, and to impress on General Salazar (not the bandit) the seriousness with which the American government viewed the occurrence. The situation altogether was considered improved.

The Great War. The note of the United States government to Great Britain concerning the flying of neutral flags, and to Germany inquiring what steps will be taken by the German naval commanders to verify the identity of ships flying neutral flags in the recently proclaimed war zones around England and Ireland, were answered by the two countries by a declaration satisfactory to the United States, though neither of the countries will permit neutral countries to land freight in the other. The vessels lost in the first week of the German war zone operations, February 18 to 25, numbered eighteen, many of them being torpedoed in the Channel. Among those were two American ships, the "Evelyn" and the "Carib." Since that time, the Germans have destroyed a large number of ships at various times and places. The most dramatic incident, perhaps, during the month was the endeavor of the allied fleet to force their way through the Dardanelles. If this is done it will be counted as one of the most remarkable feats of the great war. The strait has been regarded as impregnable ever since the first cannons were placed upon its bank in 1453, by Mohammed II. Since that time no hostile ship has succeeded in passing the Dardanelles, except in 1807, when Admiral Duckworth, with a British fleet, ran the gauntlet, but he was not even able to reach Constantinople. England was a party to the treaty of London, made in 1840, to which also Russia was a party, which treaty provided that ships of war of foreign powers should be prohibited from entering the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus. A fleet of over fifty British and French warships were endeavoring to force the Dardanelles, and the Russian fleet was crossing the Black sea to the Bosphorus. The most powerful battleships afloat are shelling the Turkish forts along the narrows from the Aegian sea. Ships that carry as high as 15-inch shells which they throw for ten miles or more away, silenced the entrance forts, and a landing force completed the demolition of the batteries in the vicinity. Four hundred British marines occupied Kuna Kale, or the "sand castle" on the right. It was here that 3,000 years before, Agamemnon, and the hosts of Greece, disembarked to undertake the siege of Troy, the site of which is about four miles up the Scamander river. The city of Dardanus was older than Homer's Ilium, and the Dardanelles is named from Dardanus. Doubtless many of the fortifications lining both the steep and rocky banks up the Dardanelles are antiquated and useless, but quite a number are modern and have been worked over by German engineers, and supplied with Krupp guns. The heaviest armaments are concentrated at the narrowest point in the Dardanelles, where the shores are only a mile and a quarter apart. These forts contained twenty-six guns, ranging from 14 to 8 inches, but on March 5, they were bombarded without the possibilities of retaliation, being absolutely helpless because the guns were directed inward towards the narrows, while they were shelled by the battle cruisers from behind. "The Queen Elizabeth" was able to throw her 15-inch shells with marvelous precision at her invisible targets. "The aeroplanes, hovering above and the British war ships in the lower part of the Dardanelles reported the result of each shot by wireless. The weather being good the 'Queen Elizabeth' fired twenty-nine rounds that day 'with satisfactory results,' as the dispatch puts it. The magazine of the strongest fort was blown up and the other two damaged. It is said that there is no apparent reason why the other forts on the strait may not be demolished with equal ease and safety."

February 10—The British House of Commons unanimously voted unlimited funds to the government, and adopted army estimates for three million men.

February 11—The Russian дума was informed that the war cost

Russia for the first five months, from August to the end of the year, \$1,555,000,000, or \$7,210,000 a day.

February 12—Thirty-four British aeroplanes took part in a bomb-dropping raid on the Belgian coast towns that were used as strategical centers by the Germans.

February 13—President Poincaré signs a measure authorizing an issue of \$2,000,000 national defense bonds.

February 15—The Rockefeller foundation states that twenty per cent of the 7,000,000 people of Belgium are unable to pay for their bread. The exports of war materials from the United States for the last four months of 1914 amounted to nearly \$50,000,000, more than four times the figures for the same period of the previous year.

February 16—Great Britain seizes the "Wilhelmina," an American ship destined for German ports, with wheat for civilian consumption. Forty French and British aeroplanes carry out the second bomb-dropping attack on the German positions along the Belgian coast.

February 17—Great Britain replies to the American protest against undue interference with American shipping, claiming a desire and an effort to be as lenient as possible with neutral shipping.

February 21—Two thousand shells were blown into the Dardanelles forts by the Anglo-French fleet. The British steamship "Cambank" was torpedoed near Liverpool.

February 22—The American cotton ship "Evelyn" was sunk by a mine off Barkum island.

February 24—Przansysz, Poland, and ten thousand prisoners were taken by the Germans. The American cotton ship "Carib" was sunk in German waters.

February 25—The Turks were repulsed in Carcasus and withdrew entirely from the Sinai peninsula.

February 26—The forts at the entrance to the Dardanelles were demolished.

February 27—A French cruiser captures the American "Dacia," laden with cotton for Rotterdam.

February 28—Przansysz is retaken by the Russians, who take 4,000 Austrians in the Galician battle.

March 1—Premier Asquith announces the British intention to shut off all commerce with Germany. The bombardment of the Dardanelles continues.

March 3—The British attack the Turks in Tigris valley. Germany declares she will agree to the American proposition for free neutral commerce, if England will permit food shipments to Germany.

March 4—The Russian fleet sails to the Bosphorus.

March 5—The British fleet bombards Smyrna forts. "Queen Elizabeth," the greatest superdreadnought on the ocean, finished since the war, began shelling the Dardanelles forts from Gallipoli. The allied army of one hundred thousand land on the peninsula.

March 6—Venizelos, the Greek premier, resigns because the king will not approve of his war policy, which is understood to be in favor of the Allies.

March 7—A revolutionary riot in Portugal.

March 10—The German cruiser "Prinz Eitel Freidrich" arrives at Newport News; after her four months scour of the seas as a commerce raider. She announced that she had sent to the bottom the American ship "William P. Frye," off the coast of South America. The captain and some of the seamen were landed.

March 11—President Wilson announces that a searching inquiry will be made into the sinking of the "Frye."

Several articles crowded out of this issue will appear in May. "Unbidden Guests," the ERA prize story for February, will also be printed in May. It is a gripping story for young married people. "The Test," a boys' story, for May, by R. S. Bean, a student of the High School, Brigham Young University, will find favor with all who love horses. It draws upon a young teamster's own native feeling for color and emphasis. You will sympathize with him, and with his horses. All are sorely tried, but without having their spirits broken. The ERA contemplates issuing an all-story number—perhaps in August. In the meantime, read the more serious articles as well. You will like them.

Improvement Era, April, 1915

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